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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications: and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The German Emperor's letter has been about a nine days' wonder; hardly so much, for by the middle of the week the sensation began to fizzle out. However, the "Times" has done very well by it; quite a brilliant journalistic stroke. And Colonel Repington was able to claim—in his epilogue to the story on Thursday—that Mr. Asquith's two-power statement was called forth by the exposure of the German Emperor and Lord Tweedmouth; though he is sorry for Lord Tweedmouth. The Emperor he pats on the back; very nice fellow, but he must not be so silly again. There is something very droll about the military correspondent of a newspaper taking himself so seriously. He stands and looks at himself, glowing with glory at the great and patriotic part he has played in high politics. But while it was necessary for the country's safety that he should show up Lord Tweedmouth, was it necessary for him to stop at the Admiralty? Is there not a Department attached to his own Service?

The Government has decided not to prosecute the "Times". The Solicitor-General announced this fact on Thursday—appropriately to Mr. Swift MacNeill! He read out the reply, being perhaps too young in his office to trust wholly to memory in this momentous announcement. The "Times", he intimated, is only to be prosecuted at the bar of "public opinion." Sir Samuel Evans lets it off lightly. It is a wise decision no doubt. Yet the idea of putting Lord Tweedmouth, Lord Esher and Mr. Buckle in the box, to say nothing of the Kaiser, is captivating.

Apparently Sir Edward Grey's proposal to the Powers for the appointment of a Turkish Governor-General in Macedonia confirms the view that the Balkan railways question is not seriously to affect common

action. In his recent speech the Foreign Secretary mentioned the terms upon which the appointment of a Turkish Governor might, with the frank co-operation of the Powers, help forward Macedonian reform. The proposal is said to suggest that the Governor's position should be similar to that of the Governor of the Lebanon; that he should be appointed with the approval of the Powers, that he should have a free hand, be secure in his appointment for a term of years, and be irremovable without the consent of the Powers. It does not follow because the Powers have settled their differences about the railways without open ruptures that they will be much more harmonious than they were on general Macedonian policy. But Sir Edward Grey's new step is against supposing that the situation is worse than it was.

The difficulty about the seizure by China of the Japanese steamer "Tatsu Maru", and the confiscation of the arms and ammunition on board, will speedily settle now that China has apologised for the hauling down of the Japanese flag. The new Japanese Ambassador at Washington announces that no questions of any magnitude are likely to remain open much longer between the United States and Japan—this diplomatic optimism, how the old joke persists! M. Isvolsky made a long speech to the Duma on raising the Russian Legation in Tokio into an Embassy. What Russia lost in the war, he said, did not affect her historical inheritance. She is therefore ready to enter into the network of international agreements which are regularising Far Eastern matters, and to recognise the place Japan has made for herself.

The visit of King Alfonso to Barcelona has been anxiously watched in all European countries. Barcelona has an evil reputation for the kind of monster who so nearly turned the King's marriage into as terrible a tragedy as that of the King and Crown Prince of Portugal. So soon after this event it required special courage to face the possibilities of a second accident de travail of the same kind. The King has been rewarded by the demonstrations of loyalty and affection with which he was received by the populace; but in Barcelona as elsewhere there must be a feeling of relief that the visit is over and the King safely back again in Madrid. The headlines in a London paper, however,

do not quite represent the real feeling. "King Alfonso: Leaves Barcelona for Madrid: People's Enthusiasm" are a little misleading.

Sir Lepel Griffin died last Monday. He was of that class, well known to Anglo-Indians, which for no obvious reason fails to realise early promise. He was one of the most brilliant men who entered the Indian Civil Service when thrown open to competition, and a pleasing personality and versatile talent won him social success. Literary ability and a power of rapid mastery of his subject were displayed in works still accepted as authorities. When the throne of Kabul was vacated by the deposition of Yakub Khan, he was placed by Lord Lytton in charge of the negotiations, which ended in the recognition of Abdur Rahman as Amir.

Notwithstanding Lord Lytton's rather unworthy resentment, Griffin returned from his very difficult task with added distinction. After that everything went wrong. Pre-eminently fitted for diplomacy, he missed the Foreign Secretaryship, which went to an officer who added political influence to his high personal qualifications. Causes associated only indirectly, if at all, with administrative considerations prevented his becoming a Lieutenant-Governor, and soon after he brought his Indian career to a disappointed and disappointing end. He was denied the chance of failing greatly. Abdur Rahman, a keen judge of men, declares in his "Autobiography" that Griffin deserves the title of Lord of Kabul just as much as Lord Roberts did that of Lord of Kandahar.

Uganda, on which Mr. Archibald Colquhoun lectured at the Colonial Institute on Tuesday, makes a new problem in colonisation. Only within the last four or five years, since the completion of the railway, have its possibilities been fully understood. Now it would seem they are appreciated to an extent which has brought about chaos and bewilderment in the effort to secure tracts of land in the highlands. The railway has done so much for Uganda in so short a time that Mr. Churchill is probably well within the mark when he says it will not only prove a commercial success in itself but make Uganda the driving-wheel of British enterprise in that part of Africa. Mombasa is already giving place to Nairobi as a business centre.

There must be something depressing in the Liberal League atmosphere, which would be natural seeing that the League, though it survives, is a creature of the past, born of a chance conjunction. The heaviness was too much for Lord Rosebery. As speaker he was simply not himself at all, though as statesman he was only too much himself. He was, we should think for the only time in his life, just a dull dog. He belaboured Socialism, hating it more even than the accursed thing Protection; a preference which may have comfort in it for some; but we hardly think the Tariff Reform League must count Lord Rosebery a recruit yet. And he defended the House of Lords as the only dam against the socialist deluge; but the Government's plan would destroy the Lords utterly; therefore he looked to the Government for protection against Socialism. This sounds like caricature; but it is Lord Rosebery's reasoning exact.

Mr. Asquith was never wanting in word strength. He has that way of speech which seems to argue absolute conviction and resolve. His statement on Tuesday as to the naval policy of the Government was a very good example of this useful and comforting gift. After the flabbiness in these matters which we have been accustomed to during the last two years, Mr. Asquith is certainly a bracing change; and we doubt not, with a free hand, he would act as firmly as he speaks. But is he so independent of the little navy and no army faction of radicals as his brave style suggests? There is, unhappily, not the smallest evidence of this.

In the military debate last Thursday Lord Middleton asked Lord Portsmouth two very pertinent questions.

Could he say that Sir William Nicholson—the new Chief of the General Staff—and Sir John French agreed with the Government's policy of reducing the Army? He received a very unsatisfactory reply, as might have been expected. In vague terms Lord Portsmouth answered that Sir W. Nicholson accepted, like the other military members of the Army Council, responsibility for the actions of that body; and that Sir John French's reports as Inspector-General were confidential, and therefore his opinions could not be quoted. This virtually amounts to saying that neither of these officers individually endorses the Government policy. Indeed, what sane soldier could endorse a policy which reduces our military forces practically to what they were before the South African war?

Quite a new departure in military appointments has been made in the offer of the command of the Fifth Brigade at Aldershot to Brigadier-General Otter of the Canadian permanent forces. General Otter commanded the Canadian contingent in the South African War, and is regarded in Canada as the best man they have in the local force. It is extremely doubtful whether he will accept the post. General Otter is sixty-five—though a young man for his age—and the expense and change of life incident to the new duties make it hardly good enough for him, especially as he holds an important appointment in Canada. But it was a good idea to ask him.

The Liberal vault is getting quite full. There has been a fresh burying this week, the Lords having killed the Scottish Land Bill. We more or less agree with the Lord Chancellor and other Liberals that many people will be disappointed at the refusal of the Upper House to set up a Land Court for all Scotland and to make ownership of land a vague thing, if not virtually to abolish it. Perhaps some Conservative Peers and M.P.s have made a little too much of the argument that nobody wants the Scottish Land Bill. There are people who do want it. Even North of Tweed it may be sometimes necessary to teach the commandment—"Thou shalt not envy" &c. But by a great majority people with fair minds and people who truly care for the interests of their country are against this monstrous measure. It has been very well destroyed. The Lords by accepting it as it stood would have shown themselves contemptible.

Lord Lansdowne, as cool and sure an arguer as any in public life, made a really strong speech against the measure. Lord Lansdowne has missed being of the very front rank in party politics—that is the rank that has perhaps a dozen figures in a century. Perhaps he has failed through a certain coldness of imagination. He freezes, never burns. But whatever the cause, it is not one of weakness in exposition or of clear analysis. He is a master, too, of precise parliamentary expression. He riddled the Land Bill. Yet, after all, need we read more than the finding of the Douglas Commission to know that it is a bad and a very foolish measure?

The Douglas Commission tells us that the Crofter system is a blank failure. The wretched houses would not pass a sanitary inspection; the farm buildings are "primitive". £35,000 a year of money—public money, it is true, still even that is not to be quite overlooked—have been poured into a district the rental of which is about £65,000 a year! Even so, these Crofters can barely eke out a living; for the Scotch Crofter is not, alas! what the English smallholder is about to be—a happy, smiling, industrious, abstemious man, who can marry and live happily ever afterward. And it is by fresh Crofter legislation that the Government would prevent overcrowding in the slums of Glasgow! At this rate the back-to-the-land cry would before very long be changed into a back-to-the-city one. The Douglas Commission, by the way, was presided over by a Liberal and its composition was far indeed from Tory. It is curious that the Liberals should thus stand condemned out of their own mouths.

"The statements in certain London newspapers are a parcel of lies. . . . No grave or criminal scandal affecting officials in Dublin Castle has been discovered. No person or persons are being shielded from prosecution, whether for the theft or for any other crime." Not much diplomacy in this, apparently. It all sounds more like truth, almost brutal in its directness. Where did Mr. Birrell learn his new idiom? But suppose it were the ne plus ultra of diplomacy? Frankness may be the deepest finesse. But here hardly. Cannot the whole unsavoury mess of the Irish Crown Jewels be allowed to lie? Sir Arthur Vicars persists in scratching the earth. Does he expect to dig up some horror? And if he does? The most unholy discovery cannot scare away his conviction of carelessness.

We take it as sure that there will now be a full Government inquiry into the Glenahiry outrage. Mr. Birrell said on Wednesday that if "both sides" want an inquiry, the last thing the Government wish is to hide or keep anything back. To what a pass things have come when it is necessary to speak of "sides" in such a matter! In England, Scotland or Wales the expression applied to an outrage would be ridiculous; in Ireland it is perfectly natural. An inquiry there should be at once. Meanwhile it is only right that "both sides" should restrain their desire to comment, the one on Lord Ashtown, the other on the report or the various editions of the report of the District Inspector.

Might not some of the Irish Nationalist M.P.s be coached up into capital Municipal Reform candidates at the next L.C.C. election? Mr. Healy, Mr. Harrington, Mr. Kettle and others discovered a lively zeal for the ratepayer in a debate in the House on Wednesday. Their point is that the police rate in Dublin is far too high, and really there seems something in the complaint. Mr. Birrell, who confesses that he finds these Dublin giants "agreeable", thinks Dublin is overpoliced. It is a pity some of them cannot be drafted off to aid the Royal Irish Constabulary in catching moonlighters. Mr. Birrell gave some particulars on Wednesday of a moonlight outrage on 3 March. The moonlighters fired into the house of a John Minogue. The man's daughter and two little children were in the house at the time, but they escaped. Mr. Birrell thinks it likely that "personal injury" was not meant. We prefer Dr. O'Dea's stern words on men who shoot into houses at night. "Such men," he said, "are murderers."

Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have been described recently by a Labour member as "writhing in their seats" while Mr. Burns delivered his opinions on unemployment. We find it rather amusing to think of Mr. Burns making his distinguished colleagues "writhe" again in the Cabinet, and having to go through with it once more in the House. Does Mr. Burns really bestride the Cabinet like a Colossus? Mr. Maddison helped the Government out of their difficulty over the Labour Party's Unemployed Workmen Bill, introduced and debated on Friday afternoon, by an amendment that the subject should stand over until the report of the Poor Law Commission: that "precious" Commission, as the Labour party calls it. They will have revenge for this treatment of the Unemployed Workmen Bill, their principal measure. They were defeated by 241 to 95.

The "Spectator" has fought so well for the Liberal party that indeed it has a right to make proposals as to refurnishing the Cabinet. So it urges the claims of Mr. John Burns to take Mr. Asquith's place as Chancellor of the Exchequer. We notice that the bulk of the Liberal press is content to wait till Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman retires before it re-forms his Government—though this is no doubt a question of taste. But if there are to be these changes, would it not be better to make Mr. Sidney Buxton Chancellor of the Exchequer, and put Mr. Burns at the Post Office? He was always interested in parcels post, was he not?

Through one of those little errors which will slip into print sometimes, we did Mr. Robert Harcourt an

injustice last week. What he is reported in the press to have said is, "I know of no constituency safer for the Liberal cause after my week's experience". This we printed by an oversight as "I know of no constituency safe for the Liberal cause after my week's experience". So that where we should have represented Mr. Harcourt as optimist of optimists we made him a pessimist of pessimists. We quite admit that the Liberal cause is not so lost as all that. It may still be fairly safe in the remoter parts of Britain; and Liberals must be happy to remember Mr. Gladstone's argument about the remoter the constituency the more intelligent.

Sir John Brunner's complaint that the press is sensational has fallen on a deaf ear. It was addressed of course against the Conservative press, for Sir John Brunner is far too good a party man to find anything amiss with Liberal papers. Or perhaps he really does not know—and in the Stonecutter and Bouverie Streets of his imagination there is no one to dress a good flaring poster, and to work up things in the divorce and murder line. Sir John Brunner should really have looked at some of the posters of the Liberal papers which trounced the "Times" for its German sensation, and at some of the headlines—headlines piled on headlines. Satan taking Sin to task may be a very old spectacle, but somehow it rarely fails to tickle one.

Lord Burton and other speakers at the Burton meeting kept quite within legitimate bounds in expressing their indignation against the Licensing Bill. So did the chief speakers at the Queen's Hall meeting on Monday. It is hardly worth while taking seriously the talk of angry publicans about boycotting local tradesmen, and not paying their bills. A publican is just an ordinary tradesman, and he shows the ordinary tradesman's spirit; that is all. But there is something more deliberate and reasoned about the long letter which Mr. Stanley Boulter, the Chairman of the Debentureholders' Association, wrote to the Bishop of London, and the reasoning is strained and, we think, irrelevant. If Mr. Boulter could not keep his mind from the Licensing Bill in a meeting called to consider the "spiritual needs of London", it was perhaps a good reason for his non-attendance; but a little more detachment from one subject and "a sense of relative values" is desirable amongst educated people. Not that we have any sort of admiration for the episcopal attitude to this Bill. It is suspiciously like playing to a gallery.

"Bravo, Randall!" we found ourselves irreverently exclaiming, after reading the Archbishop's letter to Mr. McKenna. "The objections to the Bill as it stands are, so far as I can at present judge, insuperable." This is net, clear, and at this stage all that is wanted. It is the right answer to Mr. McKenna. In this matter "surely no mere sense of the weariness of the controversy, still less any question of party allegiance, ought to prevail. No man worthy of the name will be tempted either by fear or favour to hold his peace". This is the answer to the trimmers, the compromisers; the Glazebrooks, the Welldons, the Hensons; also to the Liberal Churchmen. The Archbishop himself is aware—he urges it in his letter—that his opposition to the Bill gains significance from his well-known desire for a settlement. Dr. Davidson was never the fiery zealot or the intemperate ecclesiastic. You cannot charge his antagonism to the Bill to fanaticism. By the way, the National Society has issued a very useful list of objections to the Bill.

It is not often that the Law Courts put an end to their victims' suspense so quickly as the Appeal Court has done in the case of the proposed combination of the Great Northern and Great Central Railway Companies. Last week the Railway and Canal Commissioners decided that the proposed working agreement was outside the statutory powers of the companies and could not be allowed. The importance of the case was evident, and so the appeal was set down for Monday of this week, and on Tuesday the Appeal Court intimated that it had decided to uphold the decision of the Court below. It gave the reasons for its judgment on Friday.

The two K.C.s who recently had an angry scrap while they were waiting for the Railway Commissioners to come into Court have been this week before a delegation of the Benchers of the four Inns. As the inquiry has been secret we cannot say how it has gone; but we suppose there must be some punishment for one or both of the delinquents. *Inter arma leges silent*; and they betrayed their profession. The Committee we suppose will advise on what should be done: only the Inns to which the parties belong have the disciplinary power to disbar, suspend, or censure. If two juniors had so far forgotten themselves—especially if they were very junior—they would have to suffer smartly. They would not get off with a lecture for making themselves ridiculous; and gowns, whether of silk or stuff, with wigs, is really a ridiculous costume to box in.

The large scheme of omnibus amalgamation now promised is badly needed: especially if the holder of omnibus stock and shares is to save anything from the wreck. The amalgamation is sure to end the horse omnibus. We have long regarded it as an instrument of slow torture. Now the motor omnibus, though it is a thing of hateful sound and smell, does move quickly; and, when it is not skidding across the road or breaking down, it is really convenient. The sooner then that the old horse omnibus goes the better for all. But can nothing be done to stop people from calling the thing by the horrible name of motor 'bus? People who do this sort of thing will stop at nothing; they will "phone" and "bike" and "mote"; they will address a girl who serves at a tea-shop or bar as "Miss". Can America be much worse than this?

Benjamin Waugh, the founder of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, had a big heart and brain in a decrepit body, which always reminded us of the pictures of Pope. In one sense there is nothing in London so disgraceful to the English nation as the great buildings in Leicester Square of the society which he founded; but in another, seeing what the facts are, it would be as disgraceful if the society and the buildings did not exist. We wonder that Waugh could sleep or live without being in torture, knowing what he knew. For the sake of humanity he must have somehow denaturalised himself to accomplish what he did. His shrewdness, capacity for obtaining sympathy, and his organising power had to be equal to his courage and philanthropy. An ordinary man would have wrecked the whole enterprise in a twelve-month. He walked warily and boldly, and created a national conscience.

There must be a number of people who think that Shakespeare died last week; or have they just discovered his "immortal works"? Every now and then—or rather at almost calculable intervals—a rage seizes these folk to "erect an enduring tribute to give expression to their reverence for the greatest poet and dramatist the world has ever known, and the countryman of whom they must be for ever proud, who has enriched the literature of the world and brought imperishable glory to the stage of his native land". One can understand a man who affects this English style being nicely zealous for Shakespeare's literary reputation. But we agree with Sir John Hare that a chunk of stone is not the thing for Shakespeare. Only commercial sculptors—and Mr. Brock is full up—will think it is. It is certain they alone will benefit; Shakespeare will not; the artist-sculptor will not—no artist would have a look-in for the job. But we forget the organisers of the memorial; they can all scribble their little names on the pile—cockneys at play.

"It requires no blocks of stone or marble" (is not marble stone?), says Sir John Hare, "to keep Shakespeare's memory green". How is a stone going to keep anything green? Well, it can in one way. Only neglect it; forget all about it; and the moss will overgrow the stone, and then Shakespeare's memorial will be green, and mouldy. Probably the best thing that could happen to it. Nature can touch even mediocre art to a kind of beauty.

THAT LETTER.

"So far as our story approaches its end,
Which do you pity the most of us three"—
The Kaiser, the "Times", or the Admiralty?

THE Kaiser has accustomed Europe to excursions and alarms, of which the latest is as little startling as any. Nor can we find it in our hearts to wax hysterical because, at a brief interval after his intimate and happy sojourn in our midst, he was drawn, by an uncalled-for reference to his name, to tackle the most immediately concerned of those whom we may presume him to have talked with when in England. Yet it is true enough that, even for him, the Emperor was indiscreet in taking Lord Esher's pomposity too seriously, and in choosing the First Lord of the Admiralty of all English ears into which to pour his tale of protest. Lord Tweedmouth, whom Lord Lansdowne let off in the Lords with knightly generosity, comes out of it worse than the Emperor.

We must all agree that private communications from one Sovereign to a responsible Minister of another cannot, and ought not, be classed with ordinary letters inscribed "Confidential". But it was one thing to show such a letter to Sir Edward Grey and quite another to chatter its purport "in places where they" dine—and write. As for the "Times", that palladium of our past seems bent on destroying the general confidence in its judgment. If the "Times" does not take its duty—still important—seriously, where is it at all? Devout may be belief in the loftiness of motive which solemnly started this alarm. But if noble motive chooses to make itself up in ignoble character it must not be hurt if the guise is not seen through. The "Times" has only itself to thank, if the yellow press lectures it on the responsibility of journalism, and Lord Northcliffe decorously laments that the recent advertising methods of Printing House Square have invaded the editorial columns.

The German Emperor has a way with him and many ways. But not one of the six William II.s visible to the excited eye of the editor of a till recently all yellow, not to say, Yellow, review, is quite so silly as to suppose that British policy, on a matter of life and death to this country, could be modified or influenced by his writing to Lord Tweedmouth. Not Lord Lansdowne only for his forbearance, but Lord Rosebery for his, deserved on Tuesday night to be remembered in the First Lord's prayers. We may accept in whole Lord Rosebery's theory of the respective responsibilities for bad blood of Englishmen and Germans. But into the head of a "potentate of remarkable intelligence" intimately acquainted with our political constitution, or into the head of any "educated person outside of a lunatic asylum in Germany" the idea of influencing the progress of British armaments by letters to Lord Tweedmouth does not enter. Lord Rosebery was right there. And besides the want of balance in drawing this peculiar inference, we demur to the whole "Times" manner in this business, from the first. Either the letter should have been published at first, if indeed the "Times" military correspondent had or has ever actually seen it, or nothing should have been said on the matter.

Let us dismiss these delinquents with a caution. For the rest, speaking "at large" as the Scotch laird swore, we agree with Lord Rosebery on the needlessness and folly of ensuing our rapprochement with France by an attitude of snarl at Germany. We need have no illusions about the Emperor. He may admire British youth, and sport, and yachts, and the scenery near Highcliffe, and Lord Lonsdale. English (or Scottish) blood is in his veins, and sentimentally and quite sincerely he may rejoice in it as many Englishmen who would fight another Waterloo to-morrow are quite jubilant and puffed on the myth of a remote French ancestor. But William II. remains first and last the German Emperor, the head and front of our own and the Americans' most momentous rival, with which so judicious a prophet as Lord Acton foresaw American and British influence would have its day of reckoning. As a fact we should say South America, more than Greater Britain, holds the area and goal of German imperial expansion. But

grant that war with Germany were fixed for to-morrow ten years, or to-morrow week, what earthly good do we get by girding at the German people? We do not better, we weaken, our preparedness that way. By every means let us add "Dreadnought" to "Dreadnought", cruisers to cruisers, swarm to swarm of destroyers, and let us have conscription quickly. But acrimony unending towards a great and diplomatically friendly Power is folly two-edged. An eruption of Mr. Maxse and the extreme anti-Germans is followed commonly by an accession of power to the elbow of the German Navy League. Moreover, on this side of the North Sea the unreasonable clamour of "Wolf! Wolf!" confounds the voices of responsible and instructed persons who could tell us where and how to set our house in order. The sane voice is deadened, and things which the average elector ought to understand fail to penetrate his skull. Doubtless it is all patriotically designed the least accurate, least critical of such alarmist writing. But the German patria scores, not the British. And not an anti-imperialist in our midst is put out of action.

It is true that the Germans began it, and have gone in their time to lengths which are not paralleled on our side. Lord Rosebery's case had been better if in his tactful consideration for other people he had been fairer to our own. We have heard enough of the famous telegram, and, as we said last week, Englishmen do not forget it. Some utterances of General von der Goltz, Admiral von Tirpitz, and Herr Bassermann, were better worthy our remembering, for they are significant in a way nothing said by Englishmen of Germans has ever been. No individual Briton of authority has ever let himself go in print or public in the same key. Certain German generals, with other than professional interest, do discuss and urge the invasion of this country with a freedom unthinkable, sides reversed. The more need for the English press not to spoil a strong case by being drawn into mere recrimination. If any German, from the Emperor downwards, wants to know why English opinion is so sensitive about the German naval programme and so on, he is best answered by being shown, quite dispassionately, a few utterances by conspicuous Germans in the key of *Carthago delenda est*. Also let him be shown the preamble to the German Naval Act of 1902: a much more direct and less general affair than our "two-power standard". Individual Britons who have tackled private German friends after this manner have found the experiment answer. For we have a peculiar phase of the German nature to reckon with. They have their faults (as we have ours), with signal virtues, some of which we used to flatter ourselves were peculiarly British, and which no amount of turn-of-the-wheel delight in our friendship with France should make us undervalue. There is a certain German sensibility, combined with its converse, which takes some understanding. The best Germans are conscious of it themselves, and we have heard a great German diplomat impute to Lord Rosebery an observation worth bearing in mind for the shrewdness which German eyes perceived in it. The abstract German was described as treading heavily on your foot on Monday without knowing it, and being dreadfully hurt with you on Tuesday because you smiled to yourself as you passed by. [Lord Rosebery no doubt put the thing better, for his epigram comes to us Germanised.] One sees what is meant. After all, our own record in days long past was none of the most disarming. A good memory may have something to do with many a hostile German utterance, and we believe that as we sit tight, make our preparations for all events, and keep our temper, a better understanding grows, and therewith even the Von Tirpitzes and Von der Goltzes wane in ambitious rancour. At least they may. And at least we gain nothing by condemning a whole people. With all their qualities, the Germans are younger than we; and when young people are tiresome out of ignorance or crudeness, there are better ways of dealing with them than answering them in their own kind. Petulance is more likely to convert petulance into something worse than to assuage it. And the national temper which we have in mind is one which responds infallibly to the nature of one's own attitude. We must all know excellent people who,

with no real desire to quarrel, can by want of patience be almost hypnotised into open and confirmed hostility. "A state of soreness which may some day amount to exasperation, and may produce the gravest danger to European peace." Germany, or at any rate Prussia, has usually advanced by the aid of bayonets, and its people know it. But it would take a good deal to make the Germans think of going to war with this country, and no German Government is likely to move in that direction unless the support of a whole nation is behind it. For a conscript country war does not mean paying others to fight for you: you have yourself both to pay and to fight. The German Government could hardly goad its people into an avoidable war; the stings and arrows of home and foreign journalism might. History teaches plainly enough that wars have often been unavoidable—necessary calamities humanity must bow before like the storms of Nature—but why run to meet the evils that must come?

THE ROSEBERY ROUND.

LORD ROSEBERY still! In his seventh decade, irresponsible, untied, is he at last breaking away from himself, breaking out to action and a determined end? He is just coming to the point, just taking the critical step, when he shies and comes back again upon himself. Lord Rosebery can never take the one necessary step. It is Lord Rosebery still. Probably every one who has heard him speak, certainly every one who has followed his course, his brilliant ineffectual career, has felt that the ill-natured fairy Macaulay described as flitting round Byron's birth-feast, blighting the promise of his genius, must have attended Lord Rosebery's christening too. He has everything, and yet nothing. If Lord Rosebery could do anything, he could do everything. But what has he done? At length, we thought, reading his speech to the Liberal League, he is going to do something, he is going to take a step from which he cannot turn back. He lays a flawless train of reasoning. He starts with a postulate adopted by Mr. Balfour; he assumes as unnecessary to argue that socialism is blue-ruin, and he does not define what socialism is. He accepts the round and ready view—socialism is the death-blow to religion, to empire, to property, to freedom. Few men are badder at a nice discrimination than Lord Rosebery when he wants it; and it shows the thoroughgoing quality of his repugnance to socialism that he does not stop a moment to consider whether there may not be something slightly crude in lumping together all this mischief under what Lord Milner called the bogie of socialism. We do not quarrel with him for this; it is not our business—but it bears closely on our main theme. Between this end of everything, this deluge and common ruin, and the British Empire there stands, Lord Rosebery says, only the House of Lords, our only safeguard, and very weak compared with the mechanical check of a democratic constitution like the American. Therefore the only sane thing to do is to strengthen the second chamber, as the House of Lords are doing on their own motion under Lord Rosebery's own guidance. But this Government, it is Lord Rosebery who says it, is not only weakening the House of Lords, it is absolutely destroying it. The Government plan can only mean no second chamber at all. "Evisceration and emasculation" are mortal processes. Indeed, rather than live under the mercies of the Government plan, he would advise the Lords to commit suicide. So that the Government is pledged—pledged to the very details of a scheme—to sweep away utterly the only barrier, the only protection against what Lord Rosebery regards as the great catastrophe, the last days for civilisation. And what does he look to to protect us against this? He looks to the present Government! It sounds like a conundrum. But Lord Rosebery was very serious, painfully serious indeed, the old light touch was not there at all. He puts his faith in the Government to save us from the Government now engaged in removing the only dam against the flood which will sweep away Government and Opposition and everything alike. And this is serious politics; this is

statesmanship; this is an ex-Premier well on in his sixties, yet far from old, unhampered by responsibility, most felicitously placed for telling the truth and taking a strong line. One can only think in Chinese fashion—there is a devil in this.

Can one take seriously a man who thinks in this way? Were he cynically playing with a very grave matter, one could still take him seriously enough. But when a man meaning to be deadly earnest absolutely trifles, his case becomes hopeless. But suppose we take Lord Rosebery seriously. He does see there is something odd in his looking to the present Government to save us from the deluge against which the House of Lords is the only obstacle. He can't trust them about Scottish land, he can't trust them about the second chamber—the only safeguard—but they are sure to fail in those two things and so they will become innocuous. And being "an assemblage of earnest, able, courageous men", they will, to Lord Rosebery's joy, stand between him and what he believes to be a great evil and a great danger. This is a very orgie of unreasoning. The Government are to be trusted. Why? First, because they are wrong about Scottish land; second, because they are wrong about a second chamber. But two wrongs make a right; they are so wrong in these matters that the Opposition will beat them, and the Government be saved. Therefore put your trust not in the party that put the Government right, but in the Government which went hopelessly wrong. And from their mistaken proposals in these matters you must infer that they are exceptionally able; from their willingness to let them drop, that they are exceptionally determined; from their passing a resolution against the Lords and not daring to put it into a Bill of ultimatum, you must infer that they are exceptionally courageous. Briefly Lord Rosebery's argument is this: the House of Lords is the only safeguard against socialism: the Government want to destroy the House of Lords: they won't be strong enough to do it: therefore put your faith in the Government to defend you from the socialists. We commend this to the Oxford examiners in pass logic as containing every known fallacy. Indeed, the examiners in Greats could not do better than bring this speech into the schools and set as the logic paper: "Examine Lord Rosebery's reasoning."

Lord Rosebery will go down to posterity as the great case of the political paralytic. Endowed with everything but everything spoilt, of magnificent powers that he cannot use, summed up in the two words "capax nisi".

MR. ASQUITH'S PLEDGE.

THE declaration drawn by Mr. Balfour from the acting leader of the House, Mr. Asquith, concerning the naval policy of the country is the most satisfactory event of the session. It has been hopeless during the Navy discussions in the House for any satisfactory answers to be obtained from the Admiralty representatives, for they are devoid of responsibility and plead ignorance or evade every criticism of importance. Mr. Balfour, therefore, did well to frame a question to Mr. Asquith in premeditated and unmistakable terms, pinning the Government down to a pledge to introduce a supplementary estimate, or to lay down the ships of the 1909-10 programme early in the financial year according as the programme of Germany matures, so that Great Britain will remain at the end of 1911 in a position of unassailable supremacy. Mr. Balfour had already made it clear that the expert advice which had been tendered to his Government by Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Fisher absolutely precluded the Admiralty from reckoning ships of earlier date than the "Dreadnought" in this calculation as to the relative position of Great Britain and Germany. "We were told in fact", he said, "that the country which possessed 'Dreadnoughts' and the allied type of armoured cruisers might almost ignore the country which did not. I am surely justified by everything we said on the advice of our naval experts when we were in office, and by everything the right honourable gentleman has said up to this year on

the same advice, in considering the 'Dreadnought' and 'Invincible' as on one side of a dividing line, and even the best of every previous type of battleship as on the other side." Be this as it may, Sir John Fisher appears to possess in a marked degree the unsailor-like knack of making facts suit his own convenience, and it is certain that Mr. Robertson, Mr. Lambert and Mr. Asquith himself would not have reckoned the two battleships of the "Lord Nelson" class as equivalent to "Dreadnoughts" unless Sir John Fisher, and no one else, had inspired them with this view. Mr. Lambert indeed expressly stated that he was informed by the experts that such is the case. Perhaps the incident, coming as it does after the open repudiation of so much that was in the Cawdor memorandum—a document which was revised three times before its adoption in its final form of 30 November 1905—may open Mr. Balfour's eyes to the necessity of exercising an independent judgment on naval matters and on changes which owe their sole inspiration to Sir John Fisher. We say this with the utmost deference, and indeed it is the greatest compliment that could be paid to the leader of the Opposition. His handling of the broad principles and salient points of naval strategy has earned the admiration of the House on both sides, and it is therefore natural that we should ask for even more independent criticism from one who has by the exercise of independence this session done so much for the Navy and the country.

The question arises, How does Mr. Balfour propose to hold the Government to their promises? If he waits until next session, it may be too late. If questions are asked as to the progress of armament of German ships the Admiralty plead that, the German Government having published no details, they have no official knowledge. We are dependent on a mere intimation in the newspapers that one German battleship which was laid down on 22 July, 1907, was launched so early as 7 March, but the amount of weight built into her was left for conjecture. The statement that she has been built without recourse to working overtime is significant in view of the practice in British dockyards. The best index as to rapidity is the large appropriation made in the case of each battleship for the year's expenditure. It is clear that if Parliament is to obtain the necessary information to enable a judgment to be formed, Mr. Balfour himself must demand the latest facts apart from what is euphemistically styled official information. It was only after the British Admiralty itself resorted to secrecy in regard to official publication, though indulging in the most bare-faced advertisement in the press, that the German Admiralty, for the first time, withheld official information concerning their own ships, while it had at its disposal full details as to British plans in the press communications, such as that published in "Engineering" concerning the "Dreadnought" before even that ship was laid down. Another point to which Mr. Balfour's attention might be directed is one that is immediately raised by the Admiralty's volte-face in regard to the relative fighting capacity of the "Lord Nelson" and "Dreadnought". The former is 2,500 tons less displacement than the newest "Dreadnought". The feature that distinguishes the "Dreadnought" from the "Lord Nelson" and all previous types is the uniform armament of heavy 12-inch guns. That the "Dreadnought" embodies the lessons of the Japanese war can hardly be accepted in face of the uncontradicted and startling statement, made by one speaker in the Navy debates, that the Japanese and every other nation in the world, though building ships of the largest dimensions, had one and all rejected the "Dreadnought" idea. It was further stated that the German 11-inch gun possessed superior ballistics to our 12-inch gun, and each of the German ships carried a larger number of heavy guns than our "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles", while supplemented by a battery of 6·7-inch guns. The contention put forward is that we have sanctioned twelve "Dreadnoughts" and "Invincibles" to nine for Germany, but that our ships only carry 114 heavy guns to 104 for the Germans, while the latter have, in addition, over a hundred 6·7-inch guns whose rapid fire will demoralise our fire-control arrangements, on which

heavy guns will be dependent for their accuracy, and even disable the latter by hits on the long protruding muzzles. This is a very serious allegation, and the members of the front Opposition bench, though responsible for the experiment of building the first four of the new type, would do well to obtain a full and confidential enquiry by experts. Perhaps in this fact lies the explanation of Herr Bebel's exclamation when, after hearing Admiral von Tirpitz in secret committee, he declared that England may be on the eve of a great débâcle. The Socialist leader has always hitherto been so convinced a pessimist as to the uselessness of the German attempts to rival this country on the seas, on the ground that British statesmen would always lay down two ships to Germany's one, that his words on this occasion must have for us a special significance.

PLUNDER WITHOUT TEMPERANCE.

THE Government pretend that their Licensing Bill is meant to promote temperance. Yet the most cursory reference to the history of licensing shows the fallacy of the argument that the decrease of licences means the diminution of drinking. The granting of licences began in the idea of preventing drinking in houses which were free from the control of the law. It would only be a repetition of history if, in proportion as licences were reduced, things should go back to the state they started from and there should be not less drinking but less control over it. In the old days every man might set up his bush over his house-door, brew and sell his own beer, and start an inn where neighbours and travellers might drink without restriction beer of almost as much alcoholic strength as some whisky nowadays. The mode has changed, but people will still drink and set up unlicensed houses which they call clubs as fast as the licensed houses are abolished. This is recent history. Mr. Asquith, in his speech introducing the Bill, stated that this had happened since the Act passed by Mr. Balfour's Government, under which every year some fifteen hundred licensed houses had been abolished. The Secretary of the Union of Working Men's Clubs complains that Mr. Asquith gave no figures in proof of his statement. But if Mr. Asquith did not quote them, it is not because they are difficult to find. Almost every large town in England shows the rapid increase of clubs that are described by the police as mere drinking-clubs and as responsible for a large number of cases of drunkenness. One of the few things in the controversy on which teetotalers and the liquor trade and politicians of both parties are agreed is that clubs have increased with the decrease of licensed houses. Mr. Balfour has shown that the explanation lies in human nature itself and is not merely a case of post hoc but a definite instance of propter hoc. Cut down all the innocent pleasures and amusements of the public-houses and deprive them of everything which might make of them a social centre; turn them into mere drinking-places, as all teetotal legislation aims at doing, with the police constantly on the watch; then people begin to feel under the ban of the law. There is an easy escape. They form a club, and at once they are free from the heavier restrictions and forfeitures and penalties to which the licensed houses are subject.

In the Government Bill this matter is dealt with very feebly and perfunctorily. A teetotaler like Mr. Arthur Chamberlain sees the absurdity and injustice of cutting down the licensed houses according to a scale of population and leaving drinking-clubs to grow up in profusion; and he proposes that they shall be kept within limits by a similar method to that prescribed in the Bill for the reduction of licensed houses. He looks at the question purely and simply, we may assume, as a teetotaler whose one desire is to decrease as far as possible, even to the point of extinction, the manufacture and sale of liquor. But was there ever a Chancellor of the Exchequer who could approach the drink problem in such an honest spirit? The duties paid to the revenue by liquor are over seventeen millions a year, and decrease in drinking means the embarrassment of the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

If Mr. Asquith were to diminish drinking in proportion to the number of licensed houses he has marked down in his Bill for destruction, he would find himself in such a dilemma as no Chancellor of the Exchequer has been in since the taxes on drink began to be the mainstay of the revenue. Where would be the free breakfast table and the movement for the abolition of indirect taxes; and what would be the chances of any reduction of the income tax? Would not the income tax have to be increased; and can Mr. Asquith, or any other Chancellor, contemplate that prospect and earnestly and sincerely desire a great reduction in drinking which would mean a great reduction in the revenue? The Bill bears on its face Mr. Asquith's dilemma; and if he puts down licensed houses on the demand of the teetotalers, he does nothing effectual to stop the growth of drinking-clubs which will in due course take their place.

We may sympathise with him as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and understand how utterly unable, however willing, he is to become a temperance reformer. What we are entitled to object to is the pretence that the Bill is of any assistance to that end, and the injustice done to the licensed drink-sellers by handing over their trade to those who are free from the restrictions which at least reduce sheer drunkenness on licensed premises. Mr. Arthur Chamberlain shows that the restrictions placed upon the clubs are elusory and futile, and from the point of view of the teetotaler he reminds his friends that they will have to set up counter-attractions of their own to those of the clubs. This is intelligible, and makes plain the fact that even the teetotalers themselves do not regard the Bill as making for temperance. They do not really look to legislation for temperance, but, soothed and pleased by the attack on the licensed trade, they can now turn to counteracting the attractions of the clubs. There is a fair amount of hypocrisy and pretence on all sides. The teetotalers and Mr. Asquith know the Licensing Bill is not a temperance measure; and neither Mr. Asquith nor the liquor trade really wish a diminution in the quantity of drink sold, since that is against the interests of both, though this does not mean that the trade will encourage actual drunkenness on its premises, as it would cause the loss of its licences. And as regards Mr. Asquith, his position towards the clubs is not only that of the Chancellor of the Exchequer with an eye on the revenue, but of the de facto leader of the Liberal party with his eye on Radical clubs.

What we have said about the clubs applies to the provisions as to Sunday closing. It only serves indirectly the interests of the clubs; and here again the teetotalers shut their eyes to this obvious fact, because they are hurried away by their fanaticism to see good in whatever does harm to the trade. Clubs may be open every hour of the day on Sundays; music-hall and variety entertainments, decent or indecent, may be, as they are, held on Sunday nights; though teetotalers employ all their influence to prevent licences being granted to the managers of controlled music-halls and theatres and other places of entertainment. We are not saying that all this is wrong, and that the social life of clubs ought to be suppressed in favour of the licensed houses. But it is obvious that the dangers of heavy drinking and of drunkenness must now be associated more with the new method of obtaining liquor in clubs than with the old one of obtaining it in public-houses, now under severe control. The teetotalers have concentrated all their passion and vindictiveness upon publicans to such a point that they have become oblivious of dangers from other sources. This judicial blindness is manifest in the Bill, which embodies the hypertrophied hostility of teetotalers against the liquor trade. What do they hope to gain by severity to the licensed houses and laxity to the clubs? Let them at least admit that the licensed houses are, as now managed, not more dangerous to temperance than the clubs. If they dare not place severe restrictions on these unlicensed drinking-places because they are not to be distinguished in principle from the clubs of the wealthier classes, or because they are the meeting-places of their political friends, they might at least in the light of these everyday facts abate something of their traditional persecution of

that branch of the liquor trade which is licensed. These club managers object even to the annual application for registration. They say they cannot submit their interests to the prejudices and ignorance of unlearned lay magistrates. How would this sound from the mouth of a publican? What is needed now in any Licensing Bill is equal justice to all who are in the liquor trade. The public-house should not be suppressed so as to encourage the club, nor the club suppressed to favour the public-house. In the present condition of the appetite for liquor in all classes, and the necessity under our financial system of raising a great portion of our revenue from liquor, it is contemptible cant to profess that any Licensing Bill is intended to promote temperance. When Mr. Asquith is abolishing public-houses wholesale, and making the licensed trade much more of a monopoly than ever it was, in order that he may appropriate the monopoly value to the use of the revenue, the hypocrisy becomes more patently obvious. He cannot have the wish that the monopoly value should become valueless. For all anyone knows, the effect of making the licensed trade a narrow monopoly may be to make liquor cheaper; and this is not usually considered a temperance reform. A monopoly like the Standard Oil Trust finds it more profitable to sell its product as cheaply as possible to stimulate the demand. Why should it not be the same with liquor? A monopolist does not always try to get profits out of high prices. In a previous article we pointed out that the stringent provisions of the new Licensing Bill hindered the plans of those who looked to "disinterested management" as promoting temperance. This seemed a good idea to many, but the teetotalers opposed and sneered. They should be pleased, for the idea is now discouraged. Taking it all round, we do not see a single point in the Licensing Bill favourable to temperance, neither do we believe that Mr. Asquith, or any one of his colleagues, who has brains enough to read the Bill, believes that this Bill will have any effect whatever in promoting temperance. And we are bound to add that some of the Anglican bishops are being made fools of—they make fools of no one else—in allowing themselves to be bagged in support of the Bill.

THE CITY.

THE Stock Exchange settlement has been concluded without the financial troubles anticipated a week ago. One or two firms having continental connections have suffered losses, but apparently not heavy enough to cripple them. The failure of a "jobber" is reported, but the amount involved does not exceed a few hundred pounds. The "House", however, is not in very cheerful mood. Liquidations are proceeding for other than Stock Exchange firms, and these counteract the effect of the small investment demand. This demand might be greater if new capital issues were not so numerous. With the prospect of obtaining new securities at lower prices than the old command, the investor naturally defers his purchases. The next few days promise to see several important appeals for capital. There are home municipalities wanting money, besides colonial and foreign Governments and railway companies, and there is a race to be first. Perhaps the issue that will excite most comment will be that of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, which will place another burthen upon the Grand Trunk Company. It was inevitable, of course, but coming so soon after recent events in the history of the company it is distinctly unwelcome to the proprietors. This, however, should not prevent a good subscription, as the security is ample. No surprise is expressed at the failure of the Salvador Loan. The public were kept too well informed of the underwriting terms to take the bonds at the issue price. The scrip is now quoted at a discount of about 5 per cent. There are speculative possibilities in the Bonds at this price. New issues include Messrs. William Hollins and Company, Limited, the spinners and manufacturers of "Viyella" and other yarns, who are converting the business into a public company in order to cope with recent developments. New South Wales is issuing £3,000,000 of 3½ per cent. Stock at par.

The adverse decision of the Appeal Court on the Great Northern and Great Central Railway agreement had no influence upon the Home Railway market. There is an idea now that the company may get a Bill through Parliament this session enabling it to carry through the proposed agreement, but this is very doubtful, especially in view of the intention of the President of the Board of Trade to appoint a Commission to inquire into railway working generally. Meantime the position of the Great Northern Company justifies the confidence of investors in its stock.

Brewery stocks are becoming more marketable. Whatever the fate of the Licensing Bill, there are many who deem the depreciation in prices to have gone far enough, and these are backing their opinions by acquiring whatever is offered. The proposed amalgamation of omnibus companies has been much criticised, and it certainly seems as if the "General" had not got the better of the bargain. At the same time it is useless for the debenture-holders of the Vanguard Company to protest that their interests are being sacrificed. Their security was created in special circumstances, and they cannot claim the protection that would be theirs if the cash had been paid. The amalgamation must be beneficial to all parties in the long run.

The publication of the recommendations of the Transvaal Mining Commission has not involved any alarming consequences. To carry them into effect would mean the ruin of the mining industry, and it is not likely that even a Boer Government would consent to this. Native labour is essential for the profitable working of the mines, and none knows this better than Mr. Botha. An eight-hour day is equally impossible. The taxation of unworked claims—as recommended—is a measure that might find support, though how the Commission can expect claims to be worked if they withdraw the labour supply passes comprehension. The industry is flourishing under existing conditions, the falling-off in the output for February being due to the shortness of the month as compared with January.

INSURANCE.—THE PRUDENTIAL.

THE figures of the Prudential Life Assurance Company are so large as to convey little meaning unless they are carefully compared with the corresponding items of previous years. The total assets of the company exceed £68,000,000, which is an increase of over £4,000,000 in the course of twelve months. These figures are the more striking when it is remembered that the business of the Prudential is confined to the United Kingdom. The total number of policies in force is over 18,000,000, and the total sums assured more than £269,000,000. The real interest of these and other figures of equally imposing magnitude is the evidence they afford of the complete and efficient organisation of the Company, which has been materially aided by the plan adopted recently by the shareholders. The Prudential has always treated its industrial policyholders well, but last year it made an entirely novel departure in industrial assurance by systematically setting apart a portion of the profits for the purpose of giving bonuses to the holders of industrial policies. Hitherto such policyholders have had no right to share in the profits, and quite naturally this concession has already been welcomed and appreciated by the assured. A similar systematic process of profit-sharing has been arranged for the staff. To anyone who knows the character of the Prudential superintendents and agents this provision will be recognised as appropriate and at the same time likely to make the agents even keener than before in working for the company and remaining in its service.

The business of the Prudential is divided into two branches, the ordinary and the industrial. Each branch separately is far larger than any other British office, and the chairman appropriately reminded the shareholders the other day that it was a mistake to suppose that the Prudential in any way limited their business to small policies. The sums assured by new policies for £1,000 and upwards issued during 1907 amounted to £317,000; while new policies for £250 and upwards assured nearly £1,400,000. The

Prudential declares a bonus every year which is steadily increasing, and now amounts to 32s. for each £100 assured; this result, especially on small policies such as those for £50 or £100, is exceedingly good.

With so much money invested the market price of securities would seem to be of the very greatest importance to the Prudential, but as a matter of fact it is of comparatively little moment. The company does not adopt the practice of writing its securities up or down to the market value on 31 December in each year, but contents itself with making abundant provision for any temporary depreciation that may take place. The fitness of this method is seen by the statement that had the Consols owned by the Prudential been entered at their market value on 29 February 1908 they would have appeared worth £226,000 more than their value in the previous August. The Prudential does not sell its investments at low prices, since its task is to be continually finding fresh investments, not realising old ones. From this point of view, low market prices are of great advantage to such a company. Good investments purchased at low prices not merely yield a good rate of interest, but are extremely likely to appreciate in capital value in the future. The recent investments made by the company are yielding, on an average, a return of £4 3s. 6d. per cent., which is a much higher rate than the interest earned upon the total funds of the company.

Useful and admirable as the work of the industrial branch of the Prudential is, it cannot be pointed out too frequently that everybody who can possibly manage it should take their policies in the ordinary rather than in the industrial branch. The weekly collection of premiums is inevitably a very expensive matter, and it is probably approximately correct to say that people obtain as much for 1s. in the ordinary branch as they obtain for 1s. 6d. paid to the industrial branch. A policy for £50, which is the smallest ordinary policy issued, does not cost very much, and it should not be an insuperable difficulty with people to save up their premiums weekly and pay them quarterly. For those who cannot or will not do this policies in the industrial branch of the Prudential are necessities; but policies in the ordinary branch would pay them a great deal better.

POINTS IN UNIONIST ORGANISATION.

THE results of recent bye-elections have put an end for the time being to the criticisms which have been for the last three years so constantly levelled at the Unionist organisation: in three of them notoriously the result was largely brought about by the improvement in organisation which has undoubtedly taken place since January 1906, as well as by the personal supervision by the candidates of the smallest matters of detail: in South Leeds the turnover of votes was so large that it appears ungenerous to attack the local Unionist organisation, even though it is more than probable that the seat could have been won by more forceful methods.

Yet, this notwithstanding, the present is a good time for considering our position. It is more than probable that the Unionist organisation throughout the country will be tested at no very distant date: it is far easier to-day to take a survey than it was in the dark days following the General Election. Then the Unionist party, smarting under defeat, was too much enraged with everybody in authority in the party to be capable of expressing a considered opinion. Undoubtedly much of the indignation felt at the shortcomings of local and central organisations was fully justified, but the blame for it should not be visited on the heads of the central office, candidates and agents alone, but should be spread over the whole of the Unionist party in the country. The saying that every country has the Government which it deserves applies equally to parties. Had the party in the country shown more enthusiasm for work in the dull years from 1895 to 1905, the central organisation might conceivably have been less hidebound. But in this as in every other débâcle in history it is difficult to apportion the blame. The question is, How can it be avoided in future? We know, to start with, that the business side of the local

and central organisation must be improved. That has been and is being done, on the whole, rapidly and effectively. With that aspect of the case I have neither the space nor the desire to deal in this article. It has been dealt with very fully in a Unionist daily paper, and though opinions may differ as to the value or the wisdom (from a party point of view) of some of the criticisms made, the articles make a very full comparison of the conditions prevailing before and since the General Election.

In the present article I am anxious to refer to certain general considerations which, as I believe, determine the results of elections. They are considerations which, I venture to think, are better understood by candidates and members than by journalists or even agents, and, although my experience of electioneering only extends to four years, it includes two stiffly fought contests in my own division, and the majority of bye-elections since 1904 elsewhere. I ought to say at the outset that my views are based on what I have seen in many divisions and not necessarily in my own. Indeed, in some cases, my remarks do not apply to my own division, for it is no flattery to say that I have always been singularly fortunate in the amount and the enthusiasm of the support which I have received. Some of the questions to which I am about to refer are of so intricate and delicate a nature that it appears perhaps indiscreet to mention them. But it is only by facing them boldly as a party that we can possibly obtain a solution of the majority of the present and future difficulties which beset the party. The foremost of these difficulties is felt by every Unionist candidate when first he enters the field. Then perhaps for the first time in his life he realises the force of Trade Unionism and non-conformity. In the opinion of competent judges the power of these two forces has never ceased the last twenty years to make a progressive increase. As electioneering forces they are unsurpassed in any country, and their assistance to a Liberal or Labour candidate confer upon him at elections an initial advantage, the strength of which is perhaps not always sufficiently taken into account either by critics of Unionist organisation or even by apologists for Unionist defeat. What have we on our side to combat these two forces? The answer is nothing in any degree comparable. There is a vast amount of difference between the influence which means discomfort, inconvenience, and even actual loss to those who disregard it, and influence whose only weapon is persuasion, unassisted by the fear of consequences to drive it home. Yet that is really the difference between the influence possessed by Trade Unions and nonconformity and that possessed by the forces ranged against them. A publican may attempt to influence his customers to vote against a Liberal candidate, but if they refuse to do so he has no sort of power to compel them; on the contrary they can punish him for attempting to influence them by removing their custom. But a Trade Union can bring pressure to bear upon its members of a kind which is very difficult to withstand without an unusual amount of moral, and in some cases it is to be feared physical, courage; the same thing is to a great extent true of nonconformity. The majority of the great nonconformist organisations—there are of course exceptions—have elaborated their system of political pressure until it has become a fine art; compared with it, in most constituencies, the political power of the Church of England is a very small thing. It is doubtful, so far as the actual influencing of votes is concerned, whether the Church of England ever had so much power as nonconformity has to-day. It is certain, and I do not think Churchmen have any cause to regret it, that its political influence in the constituencies is waning to-day. No doubt a Liberal would answer my case by pointing to the predominance of employers of labour in the Unionist party, and the power they possess by being able to influence their employees' votes. But is that power so very great? Most workmen resent an attempt by an employer, even of the most amiable nature, to instruct them how to vote. If the attempt is not amiable, and contains even the vaguest threat that loss of employment may follow

is illegal and, I would add, very rare. I do not believe that any employer of labour can by legitimate or by illegitimate means directly affect the trend of voting in the way that a nonconformist minister or Trade Union official can. I do not suggest that the methods of the two latter are illegal or dishonourable; on the contrary I do not think they are either; but circumstances and the careful work of years have brought them to great perfection. I do not propose to discuss here whether the Liberal or Labour parties will always possess the advantage of the support of these two great forces. There are not wanting signs of a growing antagonism between them which may split their power. Again, while Trade Unionism is menaced by a socialist revolt, Nonconformity is face to face with the problem how to continue its support to Liberalism, after certain legislative schemes foreshadowed for Ireland are actually produced, without stretching the elasticity of its conscience to breaking-point. The fact remains that at present the power of both forces is stronger than it ever was.

How can it be met? The first answer to that question is, of course, by a sound, sane, and comprehensive constructive policy. That we undoubtedly have. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we shall fight the next election on an issue the greatness of which ought to bring out the fighting powers of every Unionist; but the most popular policy ever devised cannot be won without organisation, and moreover without a better organisation than that possessed by its opponents. As I have said, I do not suppose that anyone denies the improvement effected in our organisation since the General Election. At that time artificiality was its predominant characteristic. Chairmen and officials, both of constituencies and districts, were chosen less for their enthusiasm and ability than for their position or supposed influence. In that lay a fatal mistake, since the influence which we can command is no match by itself against our opponents. The system in vogue prior to 1906 stifled genuine enthusiasm without supplying any alternative advantage. To-day the position is vastly improved and most of the "deadheads" have been got rid of. The process has not been an easy one either for members, candidates, or agents. Many of the removed were genuinely anxious to help the cause, and would twenty years ago have been the best men for the post. The difficulty was heightened by the curious superstition that a man who wishes to hold a responsible position in politics must be at least half as old again as the average man who is in a responsible position in business. By the formation of parish and ward committees, and by conferring on them the power of, and sole responsibility for, electing their own chairmen, a great burden has been properly taken off the shoulders of candidates and agents. In the majority of parishes and wards there is one man who is "top-dog" so far as personal influence is concerned. He may be a large employer of labour, a clergyman, a doctor, a labourer, an artisan, or indeed belong to any profession. As a rule, it is next to impossible for the head agent to find out who the "top-dog" is; yet the party which can obtain the support of the majority of "top-dogs" in a division will win the seat, and where there are local committees with real power this is likely to be done. The value of organisation admittedly lies in its power, when properly used, of focussing the attention of voters, and inducing them to make up their mind. What, however, is too often lost sight of is the need for doing this before, rather than during, an election. The bane of all electioneering and the despair of candidates is the tendency of an electorate to change, at the last moment, the subject on which they are going to vote. A question which they may have a deep interest in for months before is at the last moment before polling cast aside, in order that their votes may be given on some small and worthless personal question. It is quite possible, however, in most cases for an efficient organisation so to work during peace time as to minimise the risk of this taking place. It is more liable, if it does take place, to affect our chances than those of our opponents. The Trade Unionist and nonconformist has made up his mind, or more often has had his mind made up for him, long before the election. The greater freedom in giving

their votes enjoyed by voters who are not Trade Unionists or nonconformists makes them more liable to defer coming to a decision until just before the poll. Therefore there is need for our forces to be always kept upon a war footing. The personal views of each elector should, so far as possible, always be known in peace time as well as during elections; difficult points should be explained to them, grievances ventilated, and every voter made to feel that he has a recognised status in the Unionist party. The vexed question of the choice of candidate, and the financial considerations which too often govern that choice, is of too large a nature to be adequately discussed here. That the growing burden of subscriptions which falls upon candidates is a most undesirable feature of modern political conditions no one will deny. It is a question which affects both sides, and resembles the growth of armaments. Neither makes any halt, because of a well-founded suspicion that the other side would take advantage of it.

It is amusing to read the innuendoes often made by Liberal speakers, anxious to convey the impression that they are put at a great disadvantage by the power of their opponents' purses. If, however, rumour be true, the coffers of the Liberal party have been for some time past a good deal better filled than those of their opponents, while it is notorious that more than one Liberal constituency has been consoled for its member's small interest in politics and infrequent attendance at Westminster by the knowledge that he is a rich and generous man. The truth is that both parties are equally to blame in the matter. Yet it is probable that no very heroic remedy is necessary. Most constituencies will put up willingly with a member who is somewhat careful about the amount of his subscriptions, provided he is keen to attend to his duties. It is a choice between work and money. Unfortunately in the past too little care was taken to secure candidates who would work, while the path of the candidate who was ready to subscribe handsomely to the local charities was made far more easy than it ought to have been. The débâcle did much to clean out the old régime, but its effects are still felt, since constituencies, like other men and things, are easily spoiled.

It is the duty of all Unionists to combine against the increase of this burden on candidates. It is hard enough to get men in these days with the time required to devote themselves thoroughly to Parliamentary duties. It is intolerable that their numbers should be diminished by inability to meet demands which ought never to be made.

WINTERTON.

MR. GOSSE'S "IBSEN".*

IT is a refreshing book, this. I was, of course, prepared to find lucidity in the exposition of Ibsen's work, and grace in the appreciation of it. What surprised me, as I read the biographical chapters, was a feeling that the chill was being taken off my personal regard for Ibsen, and a pleasant tepidness supervening. In the course of this luxurious process, I quite fancied that I was beginning to glow. That was a passing fancy. Ibsen can by no manner of means be made loveable. He was of too stubborn stuff for that. Every student of his character and career must have felt this resistance in him—felt it keenly, for are we not all fain to love, if we somehow can, the doers of work which by its greatness wins our homage? Of course, there have been dunces incapable of understanding the greatness of Ibsen's work; and they, of course, have been quick to lay stress on the lack in the man himself. Such criticisms, as coming from such a quarter, I resented as an impertinence. On the other hand, I have been hardly less irritated by the attitude of the reverent—an attitude by which Ibsen was made to appear even more inhuman than he was. Unable, for obvious reasons, to depict his career as that of a thorough good fellow developing into a very dear old gentleman, the reverent said as little directly about him as they could, and, falling back on metaphor, likened him to a glacier in a northern sea, glittering with a cold radiance, slow-moving, moving

* "Ibsen." By Edmund Gosse. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1908. 3s. 6d.

onward irresistibly, or likened him to the northern star. The most unfavourable thing they could bring themselves to say of him was that he was a Titan. All this depressed me deeply. Why couldn't they treat Ibsen as a human being, and cut their losses? Mr. Gosse has done just that. His sense of character is too strong to be hushed down by his natural instinct for hero-worship. Just as he sees Ibsen, so does he display him. And the irrepressible sense of character is enforced by a not less active sense of humour. No one could be more filled than Mr. Gosse is with a reverence for Ibsen's genius. His genuflections are as frequent and profound as the strictest Ibsenite ritual could ordain. But there is in his treatment of Ibsen a lightness and airiness whereby its sincerity becomes the more refreshing. There is in it, unrestrained, a quality peculiar to Mr. Gosse among English writers of to-day; a quality too kind to be called malice, too delicate to be called high spirits; a quality for which the word "naughtiness" seems to be the one apt word in the language. And the effect of it is very much to dulcify our feeling for Ibsen. Strictly, of course, it should make no difference. Nature cast Ibsen in a certain mould, and the fact that Mr. Gosse frolics does not make Ibsen the less unbending. But it creates for us an atmosphere of familiarity, wherein the great man appears less oppressive than of yore.

Mr. Gosse's possession of this peculiar quality has long been known to his readers. It was evident, for example, in "Critical Kit-Kats". But it was not nearly so evident, was very much more restrained, than in this his latest book. It seems to me that in Mr. Gosse's case we have an exact reversal of the usual evolution of a writer. It is usual for a writer to begin boldly, aggressively, "on his own hook", and then, as he grows older, tend to timidity, drift to the beaten track. Mr. Gosse exercises to-day those faculties of shrewd and delicate literary appreciation which were recognised in him at the outset of his career. But he does something which he never did then. There used to be in his work a marked shyness of himself, a careful conformity. He eschewed surprises. He took no liberties. He never let himself go. Maturity has gradually emboldened him. And, the development being singular, his boldness is singularly exhilarating. He is doing now, just in his own way, just what he wants to do, and what he by no means set out to do. A lover of books, he has always, I conceive, loved even more the study of human beings. In "Critical Kit-Kats" that greater passion was allowed to assert itself, but not to demonstrate itself as it did, the other day, in "Father and Son", every page of which is aglow with the very rapture of observation and analysis. And now into the boyhood of Ibsen he has flung himself almost as fondly as into his own boyhood. The description of Ibsen's adolescence is done with something of the gusto of an eye-witness. But it is in the later chapters, when Ibsen's aloofness is no longer the tragic aloofness of unappreciated youth, but the comedic aloofness of very widely appreciated middle age, that the real fun for us begins. It is then that Mr. Gosse's "naughtiness" comes delightfully in. And its coming in is the more welcome because it never slips in unobtrusively, but is always ushered in with a sedulous literary art, so that it shall cut the utmost dash. It is not enough for Mr. Gosse to perceive and be amused by this or that point which, in his august theme, would escape the notice of the un-naughty mind, and to hint passingly at his amusement. He invariably takes good care that the naughty mind shall share his enjoyment fully, and that the un-naughty shall be shocked. As an example of this care, take the passage in which he describes the growing influence exercised by Ibsen on that part of the world from which he had exiled himself. "The poetry, fiction and drama of the three Northern nations had become stagnant with commonplace and conventional matter, lumbered with the recognised, inevitable and sacrosanct forms of composition. This was particularly the case in Sweden, where the influence of Ibsen now proved more violent and catastrophic than anywhere else. Ibsen destroyed the attraction of the old banal poetry; his spirit breathed upon it in fire, and in all its faded elegance it withered up and vanished. The next event was that

the new generation in the three Northern countries, deprived of its traditional authorities, looked about for a prophet and a father, and they found just what they wanted in the exceedingly uncompromising elderly gentleman who remained so silent in the cafés of Rome and of Munich." At that point, I trust, you sit back and laugh loudly. And then, if you have, besides your sense of humour, an interest in the technique of writing, you will be glad to trace with me how very much of its heartiness your laughter owes to the skill with which the passage is constructed, and to the discretion with which the words are chosen. You will note how the grand manner of the earlier sentences, their stately cadence befitting the importance and impressiveness of their matter, had stirred in you, appropriately, a sense of awe. "Sacrosanct" and "catastrophic", "breathed upon it in fire", "a prophet and a father", by such words and phrases you had been carefully exalted to a plane from which, at the words "just what they wanted", you felt yourself tottering to the infinite bathos in which the sentence ends. A salutary example, this, for careless writers, of the much that can be done through sheer care in writing. A careless writer might have perceived quite as clearly as Mr. Gosse the comedy inherent in Scandinavia's enthusiasm for her exile, and have had as clear a vision of that distant and solitary man. But he could not have made us partake thus of his joy. "The zeal of the young for this unseen and unsympathetic personage was extraordinary," adds Mr. Gosse, "and took forms of amazing extravagance. Ibsen's impassivity merely heightened the enthusiasm of his countless admirers, who were found, it should be stated, almost entirely among persons who were born after his exile from Norway." There, again, I ask you to note the art with which Mr. Gosse builds up his effect. "The zeal of the young", as being a phrase with a classic quality in it, serves to still the last vibrations of the laughter caused by the previous sentence, and, restoring your gravity, deftly exposes you to the full impact of the final naughtiness. I could quote from this book a score of examples not less pleasing than these to the student of literary art, and to the lover of Mr. Gosse's mind. Nothing but a sense of fairness to Mr. Gosse's publisher restrains me.

MAX BEERBOHM.

THE DECORATION OF THE PALACE OF WESTMINSTER.

THE recent restoration of the Rubens ceiling in the Banqueting House of Whitehall, which has been so admirably carried out, and at last enables the paintings really to be seen, reminds one of the unhappy fate which has attended other schemes of decoration in London by other famous artists. There is, for instance, Van Dyck's scheme for a great painting of the "Procession of the Knights of the Garter", also for Whitehall, which never got farther than a sketch. And Holbein's two great tempera pictures of the "Triumph of Riches" and the "Triumph of Poverty", the magnificent decorations of the Steelyard, have long ago been lost or destroyed. If great examples like these still existed there would perhaps be less prejudice than there is in this country against monumental painting and mural decoration. The Englishman loves a precedent. But whatever prejudice exists is less powerful than that formidable inertia against which everyone has to contend who wants to stimulate the public interest in art as a matter of public concern. Thus, theoretically, most people will agree that the question of the decoration of the Palace of Westminster is a question of national importance; but when it comes to the point of definite expense the matter is looked at with somewhat different and more doubtful eyes.

When, after the destruction by fire of the old Houses of Parliament, the new Palace of Westminster was planned, there was a general feeling that a work of so important and national a character afforded a rare opportunity for seeing what English artists could do in co-operation on a great decorative scheme. The

movement caused by such an opportunity could not fail, it was felt, to promote a wholesome activity and encourage talent. In 1841 a Royal Commission was appointed, with the Prince Consort for president. It was in accordance with the recommendations of this Commission, and under its direction and supervision, that the paintings and statues now in the Palace were put in hand and carried out. When the Prince Consort died in 1861 the Commission was dissolved, in the belief that the work it had begun could, and would, be continued on the lines it had laid down, without further supervision. But the belief was ill-founded. Only spasmodic efforts were made to go on with the work; and a large part of the original scheme still remains unfulfilled. The Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords, issued last year, specifies what remains to be done if the scheme of decoration is to be completed. The witnesses examined by that Committee were unanimous in thinking that the completion of the scheme would, like the work of the former Fine Arts Commission of 1841, give "a great and healthy stimulus" to the art of the country. Various and divergent opinions were given as to the modes of decoration which should be adopted; but the Committee decided that it was not their business to make definite recommendations in detail as to how the work was to be executed, and suggested the formation of an Advisory Council to supervise its progress. Such a body would be necessary, as the First Commissioner of Works, on whom the effectual progress of the work would depend if Parliament granted an annual sum for the purpose, might easily be tempted to let it starve and languish; or if he happened to be a man "who not only has no knowledge of art, but actually despises and dislikes it", he might even destroy fine work already done in the name of comfort or convenience, as well as make the whole scheme abortive.

On such questions as the removal of the paint from the stone-work, the varnish from the wood-work, and other obvious improvements, there will be no two opinions. Counsels are divided, however, on the best mode of filling the more important wall-spaces still left vacant. Should it be with painting (whether fresco, oil, or tempera), tapestry, or gesso? The choice, I think, should lie between tapestry and painting; though there is no reason why both should not be employed. The question of durability in the mordant atmosphere of London is a very important one; and Mr. Norman Shaw was emphatic against tapestry, as being sure to perish rapidly. This is surprising, because ancient tapestry has lasted very well for centuries even on walls that are perpetually damp. However, it seems to me that in any case painting has much superior claims, because of the salutary and much-needed stimulus that a competition among painters would give to our national art. The obvious objection has been made, and will be made again, that we have no painters at present who work in the large decorative style needed for the architectural conditions. And why? Simply because we never give them the chance. And if the decision should be against the employment of painting in the Westminster scheme, there will be a further setback to the cause of monumental art; architecture and painting will be yet further estranged and divorced. There is plenty of talent and energy in British art at the present day which is to a great extent wasted or dissipated for want of encouragement and direction. Those who have the greatest inherent aptitude for the kind of work desired at Westminster are just those who in the present state of things get no encouragement at all. Given a thorough artist, he will rise to the opportunity and adapt his art to the conditions required; it is of the essence of that which makes him an artist that he should have this power of fitting means to ends. It will be lamentable indeed if the nation loses this occasion of proving itself capable of fostering and directing the talent in its midst.

But assuming that it is decided that painters are to be employed to fill the vacant spaces on the walls of the Palace, how are they to be chosen? The method of an open competition with cartoons, which was adopted by the Commission of 1841, though no doubt stimulating in a general way and offering a chance to unknown or latent ability, has great disadvantages. It inevitably

means a vast amount of disappointment, wasted time and energy, irritations and delays. Choice by a committee is, moreover, hardly ever satisfactory. To meet this difficulty, the "Burlington Magazine", in an editorial article, has suggested a very sensible and practical scheme. It is that the Royal Academy and the more important of the other exhibiting societies should each elect from their own members the painter or painters whom they consider the best qualified for the undertaking. Each society would have its allotted space, and the chosen champions would each set to work with a fine incentive to emulation. This suggestion ought to prove perfectly feasible, and at once removes a great many difficulties which stand in the way of the practical execution of the whole scheme. There would be no waste and no delay. And such a plan ought to secure a really representative selection of the artists of Britain of to-day. If the project of completing the decorations at Westminster is realised, this suggestion will, let us hope, receive serious consideration. I do not think, at any rate, that any better plan has been put forward.

But all such discussion depends, as usual, on the vital question of funds. The Report of the House of Lords Committee recommends that an annual grant of four thousand pounds should be devoted to the completion of the original scheme of decoration. It points out that the sum needed "would be minute in comparison with the expenditure constantly incurred by the nation on the decoration of public offices, law courts, and museums of science and art—buildings which, although no doubt worthy of respect, cannot compare in importance with the Houses of Parliament". It seems truly a small enough sum. But unfortunately it is difficult to persuade Englishmen that, as a great nation, they should do things in a great manner and not in a mean manner. To be grudging in this case would be a disgrace to us as a nation; and the nation as a whole would not be grudging. But political exigencies are too often paramount in the House of Commons, and the cause of art can serve no political ends. The Committee is evidently aware that opposition is possible. They recommend, as against the Royal Commission's rule that all works undertaken should be fully paid for by the State, that every effort should be made to encourage the defrayal of the cost of works from private sources. From this hint the "Burlington Magazine", in its editorial for last November, developed another suggestion; namely, that half of the cost should be provided out of the annual fund at the disposal of the Chantrey Trustees. This proposal, which I do not think either in itself so acceptable as the other or so feasible, must be dealt with another time.

LAURENCE BINYON.

FROM HEINE.

"Wo wird einst des Wandermüden."

WHERE, at last, a-weary, worn,
Will a resting-place be mine?
Under palm-trees southern-born?
Under lindens by the Rhine?

Shall I sleep in parching waste,
Desolate, save strangling's hand?
Or by shore, where swift waves raced,
Sea on sea, across the sand?

Ah! What matters!—Yonder,—near,—
Over each,—God's Heav'n spreads high,
And as torches at a bier,
Guardian stars are in the sky.

JENNETT HUMPHREYS.

DOVER CLIFFS.

I.

NATURE made Dover for her pleasure, and man has remade Dover for his use. The cliffs have been tunnelled within and fortified overhead; the sea has been bound inside a vast harbour, and driven back to make way for trucks and trolleys to carry stones for its prison walls; the smoke of funnels has superseded the gentle motions of sails; there are forts and barracks and prisons, like great warehouses for human goods; everywhere there is action, change, energy; there are foreign faces, people coming and going from the ends of the earth, to whom Dover is a stepping-stone; and it is a gate, which can be opened to friends and closed on enemies. A gate of England, one of the Cinque Ports and the only one of them that has held its own; it has always been a part of history; it is our only port which has a natural magnificence and a great tradition.

The sea at Dover, since the Admiralty has looped it in with its stone barriers, can hardly be said to have remained a quite wholly natural part of nature any longer. It has been tamed, brought to serve man meekly, and not at its own will. By day we see the gap in its prison walls, and the ships going in and out, to be caught or loosed. But by night there is the aspect of a lake, and the gold and red and green lights that go in a semi-circle about it seem like lights outlining a curving shore. The execrable British pleasure-pier, with the "looped and windowed nakedness" of its bulbous head thrust, impudently glittering, into the water, adds the last sign to the deeper signs of man's domination. Yet, by day or night, if you listen, you will hear the lisp of water on the pebbles, in a faint, powerless affirmation: you will know, in that faint sound, the sea's voice. But to see the sea, really itself, and to hear it speak out at its own pleasure, you must stand on the stone wall which binds it in from the west wind, or look down from the cliffs, on west or east. The cliffs share in its liberty; they have never consented to its bondage; they endure its buffetings with patience, as friendly losers do in a game. When the wind freshens, and the water is whipped from green to white, and leaps at and over the great stone pier of the Admiralty in showers of white foam, the cliffs above it turn to the colour of thunder-clouds. Under a faint mist cliffs and sea suffer a new enchantment; a bloom comes out over them, seeming to melt them into a single intangible texture. And cliffs and sea, in sun or storm, are at one: the sea, the witch of destiny, at all her passes, and the cliffs, English women, white and tall and delicately shaped.

The loveliest of the cliffs is that one which should no longer be called Shakespeare's, for it has been desecrated by a foul black tunnel and the smoke of engines, and a railway-train, which has devastated the beach, goes through the tunnel to a bay beyond where a black chimney gapes at the mouth of a problematical coal-mine. This is one of the worst things which man has done here in his struggle to subdue nature. A harbour may add less beauty than it takes from the sea; but it is a vast, kind, friendly thing in which the sea is not unwilling to co-operate. A harbour is that refuge in which ships that have come there from the ends of the world lie at rest: men have built it for them. But here, for the moment, man has beaten and defaced nature; beauty has been baffled, so far as man can do it. For the sea remains, and the cliff is still a white eminence, with a few pebbles at its feet and a thin green covering on its back. Broken beauty is remembered even after it has been utterly destroyed; and man and his works have their day and pass over. Here too, nature will outlast him; and the sea waits, knowing that she will one day have her revenge on these sorry makings of his hands.

II.

It is the cliffs that make the best beauty of Dover. They are her crown, her support, her defence; they hold her in their arms as she sits, white and long, with her feet in the sea. They are beautiful, at all hours, with their white walls and the bare green and brown of their downs; they are like fortresses, calm, assured,

steadfast, and ready to become impregnable. Everywhere towers, walls, the heavy, square castle, suggest ancient defences; and the friendliness of the cliffs to the town, which it holds against the sea, has a reticence of manner towards strangers and foreign coasts. At night they rise mysteriously against the sky, with rows and patches of lights shining out of dull level walls, turned now into candelabra for candles of gold fire. The old, red, gabled, sordid harbour, seen dimly, its lights striking like red and yellow knives into the stagnant water, becomes a kind of fairy thing, which one vaguely remembers to have seen in foreign lands. Which? Venice has no such eager cliffs above her tamed water; and Venice, for a moment, has come into the memory, returning there, as she does at most sights of houses looking down into water. Is it Alicante? The palms on the sand are not here, nothing of what is African in that rare coast of Spain; but I remember a certain likeness in the hill with its castle rising more abruptly over a long, curved town whiter and stranger than Dover.

To see Dover as a whole, you must stand on the stone parapet above the landing-place, where the steamers slide in gently, hardly touching the quay with the wooden roofs over their propellers. You must turn your back on the sea, which is there really the sea, and not an enclosed bay, a harbour made for ships to come back into; and you must look across the black engine-smoke of the trains, to the white cliffs, which with evening turn to a dull grey, over the long curve of white-fronted houses, with their dark green balconies and flat windows set at regular intervals; going on beyond them to the east, with many indentations, white, vast, and delicate, shutting in the sea with its high walls, and seeming to throw out long, thin piers to clutch and imprison it; on the west, Shakespeare's Cliff, and then smoke and the long mine-chimney, and the cliffs turn the corner and are beyond your sight. But, for the very heart of Dover, you must look under you, where dock after dock lies motionless, its long arms shut about its guests.

They are like most other harbour-docks, dingy, with low, irregular houses painted with signs and letterings; Hamburg-American Line, Hearts of Oak Dining Rooms, Cope's Tobaccos. There are red roofs and gables, and an old sordidness about everything, at the edge of this pale-green stagnant water, which never moves except under some heavy hull, or under the feet of that white bird sitting disconsolately on the floating buoy. The inner and outer harbour has each its big ships, stacked side by side, funnels and masts together, against the same quay with the same little old gabled low red houses with the same modern signs. At night, one sees beyond them only the lighted windows of flat house-fronts, showing nothing in the darkness but loop-holes, as if nothing were behind them. Masts, taut rope-ladders from mast to bulwark, furled sails laid by in the sides of the ship, the sharp lines of ropes stretched out in delicate patterns, it is these that give beauty, even before the night has come with its transformations, to this kind of sea-pool where vast many-tentacled animals crawl, clinging like limpets to the wet walls.

The ship's beauty was lost when sails went and masts went, and funnels and boilers took their place, as the modern machine has taken the place of every beautiful thing that went on the wind and was worked by human hands. The lovely shape was lost when great bulges came for useful purposes on either side of the carcass which they trampled into speed. Fragments of scarcely serviceable masts remain, with a little of the spider's work of cords, waiting for sails which are never to fly up and run before wind. The wind is no longer, for those who go down to the sea in ships, more than an obstacle or a danger; it adds no swiftness to the course of sails flying before it, but may delay or incommode the steady indifferent progress of the steamer. Does not its name betray it? the thing that steams, a thing heated from within, a churner of waves. It is no longer a ship, which was a light, veering thing, like a bird, half tamed to a man's hand, escaping from him and unpunctually returning. Now, as I see a Channel steamer move slowly out backwards from the dock and turn slowly in the middle water of

the harbour, I am reminded rather of the vast slowly stepping motion of elephants.

III.

Dover under all shades of mists is personal, up to a certain point beautiful. One night I saw from the window a thick white mist come almost suddenly out of the sea; the lights were blotted out, the mimic guns, the bells, the fog-horns, snoring in different keys, were heard all through the night. It was the intermittent battle going on between the stealthy white forces and the resistant brain of man. The fog lasted till early morning, when a blazing sun, like one of Blake's, came out and burned through the shivering vapours. On all the boats and planks lying on the pebbles of the beach one saw, still clinging there, as the sun lightened them, a white wetness which the fog had left on them like some sea-dew.

I write of it now as if it had been beautiful; but I got my own share of discomfort out of it, for I lay awake all night, unable to keep my mind from counting the horrible iteration of sounds, repeated with a monotony like that of some torture, between pit and pendulum. Every separate hoot, shriek, or boom struck into my ears with a steady violence, like blow after blow from a great fist; and what was most distressing in it was, not the sounds, but their succession, and the necessity of counting them in my brain, waiting for them with all my nerves. The big sound, like the thud of a bomb, struck in with a measure of its own, at slower intervals than the hooters; and I waited with most anxiety for that shattering fall and rebound, whose place I could never quite calculate, between two or on the end of the second recurrent gasps. I covered my ears, but the sound, a little deadened, penetrated them in the same dismal rhythm; and in my mind there was only a great emptiness, in which a vapour of suspense drifted to and fro.

But for those sounds I should have been perfectly happy in Dover. It is a place of winds, sea, and cliffs; it is alive, and the life in it varies with every tide, the beauty in it comes and goes with every change of hour or weather. The cramped beach seems to have lost all that Matthew Arnold found in it; except those

"edges drear
And naked shingles of the world"

which are still to be discerned there. And then, one day, a wind brings back some of its motion to the sea, and again, with Arnold,

"you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in".

Sadness, however, is not the characteristic of the sea at Dover, nor of the white cliffs, battlemented and crowned with their castle, still alive. They change colour and aspect daily and nightly, with an uncertainty that is full of surprise and delight. And the place, the streets, the people, is there not some pleasant suggestion of France, not only in the Calais and Ostend boats, persevering travellers to and fro, but in the actual aspect of things? The streets are good to walk in, especially at night. They are dimly lighted, and they have an old aspect, some of them are dark and narrow, and all wind to and fro, and some climb the hill or disappear under archways or come out unexpectedly upon the docks, or upon the sea-front. From the sea-front you see the crude line of window-lights in the barrack on the Western Cliff, and on the East Cliff nothing but a leash of lights, dropping down from the Castle like the tail of a comet. The people walk at nights, in the wandering friendly way of most sea-towns, up and down certain streets. On market-day, which is Saturday, they walk up and down past the noisy fish-sellers in the market-place, sometimes turning down Snargate Street. On Sunday night, after church-hours, all the young men and women walk up and down on the sea-front, or rather on the road and

pavement which keep them back a little further from the sea. The lights are dim; over the sea they seem brighter, as they come and go; as they will come and go all night; for Dover is never asleep. That gate of England is always open, and there are always warders awake at the gate.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

THE INSTINCT OF LYING LOW.

IS there a wild beast or bird that, taken by surprise, will not seek safety in standing or sitting perfectly still? They do it, of every kind and size from the bison to the squirrel, from the ostrich to the wren; and we have it in the action, or inaction, of certain snakes. Let any woodland creature discover that the enemy man is within such distance that flight without revealing its presence is impossible, and it becomes a statue depending upon rigid immobility to escape notice. The efficacy of this is extraordinary under ordinarily favourable circumstances. I have stood within twenty yards of a sambhur stag in dense jungle utterly unable to see the antlers to which a native follower pointed with wealth of gesticulation, and until speech broke the spell and the animal betrayed his whereabouts by turning to run away. A leopard "drowsing" on the limb of a tree almost overhanging the sandy path on which human footsteps were inaudible even to his ears, slowly crouched a little closer to his perch and remained stone-still, eyeing us until the rifle too quickly raised suggested flight as the better part. The bison when the first alarm is close at hand stands like a statue, muzzle thrust out, till he ascertains the direction whence danger threatens. It would seem as though every wild animal, whatever its bulk, were perfectly conscious of the exactness with which it and its surroundings harmonise, and knew that movement would betray.

It is curious to notice how this instinct operates under conditions so unfavourable to concealment that even the lowest intelligence might recognise its futility. The rabbit, routed out of its retreat in the undergrowth by a dog, and coming suddenly upon man, will crouch on the open path and remain still for as long as the man has patience to remain still also. One of the most curious examples of confidence in immobility that ever came under my notice was in a wood in Norway: wandering over the deep tussocks which deadened footfall I came upon a squirrel busy with a fir cone on a stump: I was within a few paces of him before he discovered me and he sprang into the nearest tree, a young pine, five feet high or thereabout. There was no other refuge near, save two trees between us, and the squirrel decided that safety lay in stillness; he sat upright on a twig, one fore paw clasping the main stem, the other against his breast, his head turned to face me; and in this posture he remained as I advanced to see how close he would suffer me to approach. When six feet (as measured afterwards) separated us I stopped. The squirrel remained absolutely still, his eyes fixed on me; my hands were behind and I found my pulse. It was at about the two hundred and fiftieth beat, or well over three minutes, that the séance was closed by an untimely sneeze; this startled the squirrel and he leapt to the ground to find a safer retreat in a distant fir. It was impossible that the little creature should have had a sense of concealment; the tree was a poor and scraggy thing, a stem and three twigs; and there was not a twig of the slenderest between the squirrel's person and my own. It was obvious that he relied upon immobility for his safety, and, unless he timed his winks to coincide with mine, he never stirred an eyelid.

No animal depends more frequently or more successfully upon stillness in danger than the hare. Approach a hare in her form, as you may do, and she prefers immobility to flight. A hare has been known to lie still while a whole pack of harriers passed her place of concealment; she only moved when one of the hounds actually put his foot on her. Reliance upon immobility reaches its height, as we might expect, in those creatures which most closely resemble their habitat: the pangolin suggests itself as a striking example. Clinging with its hind feet to the tree trunk, and

supported by the pressure of its tail, it may safely rely on being mistaken for the broken stump of a branch it takes as its model.

Birds adopt a somewhat similar method when taken by surprise, more particularly hen-birds on the nest; but here we have reason in that the depth of the nest in many cases affords real concealment save to beak and tail. The pheasant offers an accessible example of the instinct under discussion, but the bird does not depend on immobility in the attitude in which it is surprised, it crouches and stretches the neck along the ground; and among dead leaves, in rough grass or equally favourable surroundings, thus becomes difficult of detection. I recall an instance of the "keep-still" instinct in a snake. Riding through bamboo jungle one morning I pulled up for some reason or other, and glancing into the bamboo which belied over the track saw within a foot of my face one of the common pale-green "bamboo snakes". The reptile lay perfectly still across the twigs facing me, though within such easy reach of my hand. So admirably did it harmonise with the green shoots and leaves that detection of it was the merest accident; it was not disturbed by the fidgeting of the fly-worried horse, and lay there, still as the bamboo twig it resembled, until I shook its perch, when, apparently deeming immobility "played out," it glided rapidly away over the boughs. We see survival of the same instinct in domestic animals. Frighten a cat, and if she be uncertain of the direction whence the danger threatens she remains perfectly still till the point is made clear to her. Apropos of this instinct, may it not be that the trick of shamming death, in which the fox, among other animals, is said to be so proficient, is its highest development? As every hunting man who keeps his eyes open knows, the fox is a past-master of the art of keeping still when emergency suggests. The supposition that shamming death is simply an artistic improvement by a clever animal whose wits have been sharpened by generations of pursuit does not seem unreasonable: from keeping still when the enemy is within arm's length to keeping still when the enemy's hand is actually upon him is not a long step.

The man who can remain still when necessary finds that wild creatures can be deceived, even as they hope to deceive. I have had so shy a bird as a willow wren perch upon my foot and remain there for an appreciable time. Sit still and you shall see the rabbit emerge from his burrow—a step he will never take if he suspect a watcher. Sit still and you may see the wild duck with her "fleet" of ducklings swim past you within twenty feet. To him who can keep still come the wariest and the wildest creatures of woodland and marsh. It is movement that alarms: the motionless figure is unseen, or, if seen, is unrecognised. E. D. CUMING.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CATTLE DRIVING AND CONSISTENCY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I have just read with interest a letter on the "Cattle Driver's Conscience" by my acquaintance "Pat", who has for some time been added to the select band of Irish writers who supply England with the only "copy" about Ireland which has a high commercial value. English readers desire to be told that whatever happens in Ireland illustrates what "Pat" (a lover of "boss words") calls ecclesiocracy; and they will buy at a handsome price the wares of Mr. Michael McCarthy and all other persons who tell them what they desire to be told with picturesque detail.

Possibly you will permit me to set out a less piquant view of the political situation.

In the first place "Pat's" whole contribution conveys the idea that all Roman Catholic clergy take an absolutely identical view as to the morality of cattle driving—the morality, that is, of doing acts which are illegal, but not in an ordinary sense criminal, so that a change in the law may be effected. No such identity of opinion has existed. In January of this year Dr.

Walter MacDonald, the distinguished divine who is in charge of the more advanced students at Maynooth, who edits the "Irish Theological Quarterly", and who is author of one of the best-known Catholic works on moral philosophy, published an article called "The Hazel Switch", in which he defended vehemently the right of resistance, and vehemently deprecated the condemnation of cattle driving which had been already pronounced by certain bishops.

Similar conflicts of opinion have existed among the Catholic clergy of Ireland ever since I remember the National movement—some being for, some against, those tumultuous methods of action which Ireland continues to employ, simply and solely because we find that only by their means can remedial legislation be obtained from any English Government, Conservative or Liberal. Presumably the knowledge that this diversity of opinion existed influenced those divines to keep silence who regarded cattle driving as morally reprehensible. They certainly did not speak out until men of a different type had pronounced cattle driving to be politically inexpedient.

If your readers have any curiosity to know what stopped cattle driving, I can tell them. It was the impression of personal good faith and sincerity which Mr. Birrell succeeded in producing in a country which the Irish Council Bill had left full of anger and suspicion. What we all saw was an English politician who, having given his word that he would rely on the ordinary law and abide by the event, resolutely refused to be driven into Coercion. We saw him also reaffirming in Ireland, in language from which it was impossible to recede, what he had said less emphatically in the House—that he staked his political existence on the fulfilling of that promise which his Government had made in regard to a University Bill. These considerations led us to take his word when he declared that it was his intention to press on that further measure of land purchase which was the object of cattle driving; and for this reason a good many politicians who had previously counselled cattle driving advised people to desist—notably, Mr. John Fitzgibbon of Roscommon, the original adviser of this method, whose influence is very great in the county where it has been most extensively practised.

Without the confident hope of a Land Purchase Bill, cattle driving neither could nor would have been stopped. Irish peasants, illiterate or not, know perfectly well what they want—which is that the principle of compulsory judicial assessment applied by consent of both parties in the State to rent-fixing should be applied also to land purchase. And when we talk of illiteracy, I desire to say that within my own experience I have come on many Irishmen, shrewd and capable judges of their own interest and their own duty, who could neither read nor write. They were educated by their own observation and the sources of information open to them, which meant not merely the "oral wisdom of the parish priest and the local branch of the United Irish League", but the whole experience of a long-remembered countryside. If these men had been reading the "Daily Mail" every day from its first issue I do not think their minds would have been materially improved. I think that "Pat" overrates his own superiority to his fellow countrymen.

To sum up, cattle driving neither spread by the instigation of priests nor ceased by their denunciation. It began as a public protest, it was dropped (as, broadly speaking, it has been dropped) from a sense of public policy, because an English Minister, by his courage and his consistency, succeeded in gaining from Ireland some measure of trust.

Yours &c.

STEPHEN GWYNN.

LORD CROMER AND GENERAL GORDON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—You say "Lord Cromer's estimate of Gordon's character is probably a good one", and that in opposing Gordon's appointment "we must all see Lord Cromer's point of view now and his sagacity". Permit me to say that a careful perusal of "Modern Egypt" confirms me in believing that Lord Cromer, more than any other

man, more even than Mr. Gladstone himself, was responsible for Gordon's death and the failure of his mission.

"Sagacity" is not exactly the word we should apply to the man who attempts to palliate the heinousness of his own failures by calumniating the memory of his victim, the lachet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose.

I am yours truly,

W. T. STEAD.

[It is grotesque to say that Lord Cromer calumniates the memory of Gordon. Lord Cromer pays high tribute to Gordon's nobility of mind.—ED. S.R.]

"ITALIAN SUSPICIONS" AND AUSTRIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Montaltuzzo, Fiesole, 10 March, 1908.

SIR,—In your issue of 7 March in your "Notes of the Week" you say in a paragraph in reference to the Balkan question as between Austria and Italy that "Italian suspicion of the motives of Austria in reference to the Bosnia-Mitrovitz scheme seems by these understandings to have been removed". As a curious comment on this statement in the SATURDAY REVIEW, only yesterday, 9 March, the Italian paper "La Nazione" prints a seven-column article by no less an authority than the well-known writer Vico Mantegazza, calling upon all Italy to wake up to the actual position of affairs—viz., that Austria has quietly been drawing an "iron circle" in the shape of forts, arms and troops round all the frontiers Austrian-Italian; and within the last five years has so manœuvred and transferred troops that the final results amount to this—that there is an army of sixty thousand men held in readiness on the frontiers, fifteen thousand of whom have been quite recently (as Mantegazza says graphically, "Durante lo scambio di brindisi di telegrammi e di assicurazioni fra l'onorevole Tittoni, Goluchowski ed Aehrenthal") dispatched there. And all this with the intent not of invading or making war direct in Italy, but of paralysing her and absolutely preventing her from lifting a finger against any plans of Austria elsewhere.

Mantegazza's article has created and is creating an immense sensation. It is accompanied with map giving detailed positions of the Austrian corps &c., and according to the writer, "L'Austria ha oramai saldato ai nostri confini il cerchio di ferro destinato ad immobilizzarci"!

This scarcely corresponds to the assertion in the SATURDAY REVIEW that "Italian suspicions" have been removed.

R. EGERTON.

THE EIGHT HOURS BILL FOR MINERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—With an infatuation which is almost incredible the Government are proceeding on a career of meddling with the industries of the country, and to their detriment. One of the first acts on attaining to office was the repeal of the export duty on coal, which was working smoothly, and was bringing in revenue to the extent of two millions a year contributed by continental States. This was in keeping with a similar step taken by the London County Council when, at its inauguration, it repealed the shilling duty on coal entering London by the sea—which produced a million sterling towards the rates on the citizens. This tax was not felt by the citizens, but its repeal doubtless added to the amount of taxation which has been severely felt; and was supposed to be a popular act on the part of the new L.C.C.

The announcement by the Home Secretary that he proposes to introduce an "Eight Hours Bill for Miners" is one of the most serious import, as if carried it is likely to affect not only all branches of trade and shipping, but to raise the price of coal to the whole community, a result which will affect the poor as well as the rich; and the reason for this step, as stated by Mr. Gladstone, appears to be that as the question of an Eight Hours Bill has been dangling before the eyes of the public for a number of years the Government were unable to resist

the temptation to give a quietus to the question by passing it into law, regardless of its merits or its consequences. This is quite in accord with Liberal principles—as interpreted at the present time—and socialistic ideas. Private enterprise is to be regulated by strict and fast rules; and only let a proposal be kept alive for a number of years by an active body of fanatics, it is the duty of Parliament to take it up and pass it into law. As regards the consequences of the passing of an Eight Hours Bill, they have been given at a meeting in the Swansea Metal Exchange on the 10th inst. The general conclusion, as stated by the "Pall Mall Gazette", is that the restriction of hours would reduce the output by 25½ million tons a year, and that the rise in price would amount to as much as two shillings per ton. It was pointed out by Colonel Wright that this would increase the cost of making a ton of steel bars by six shillings—an amount large enough to augment enormously the gravity of foreign competition.

There is a point of view which should not be lost sight of—namely, the extent to which coal-mining itself will be affected should this Bill become law; the effect may be to cause some collieries themselves to be closed down, thus adding to the curtailment of the supply. Some of our collieries have extended their range of underground workings to a mile, or even two miles, from the shafts. It can be easily understood that the time required to reach "the face" of the seam and of returning the laden trucks to the shaft will be considerable in these cases, and cause such an additional cost to working that some of the older collieries will close, and the miners will lose their employment. There are also many technical points to be considered, such as the difference of cost in hewing the coal, supporting the roof, and regulating ventilation, which differ in different seams, and affect the cost of production. Up till now these matters have been arranged between the miners and the owners through the agency of the trades unions. Why not let well alone? There is no general demand on the part of the mining industry for Government interference with their affairs. The Bill of Mr. Gladstone appears to be regardless of consequences, which must seriously affect the whole business of the country, both by land and sea.

EDWARD HULL,

Member of the Royal Commission
on Coal Reserves.

UNQUALIFIED TEACHERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 Harcourt Road, Sheffield, 7 March, 1908.

SIR,—Those who dwell upon the evils of large classes do not always realise that the size of a class depends less on its actual numbers than upon the capacity of its teacher. A duffer will make less impression on a dozen than a master of the art of teaching will make on half a gross. Cheap staffing must therefore always be wasteful; and however unavoidable it may have been in the case of voluntary schools it should no longer be tolerated now that all teachers in elementary schools are paid out of public funds. If the present Bill should succeed in re-establishing the voluntary school it is to be hoped that the movement to secure to the teachers in those schools the standard pay of the district will, for purely educational reasons, be successful.

The increase in the number of cheap teachers is too rapid to be satisfactory, especially when the considerable increase in training college accommodation which has taken place recently is also borne in mind. Since 1901 the certificated teachers have increased at an average rate of 4,300 a year; but during the same period uncertificated teachers have also increased yearly by 2,500. At the present moment, of every seven elementary teachers four are certificated, though not necessarily college-trained; two are uncertificated, that is, usually ex-pupil-teachers; and one is absolutely unqualified. Surely if education is to be a real public business the unqualified seventh, the supplementary teachers, who number in all 22,000, ought to be taken out of the schools. In many districts the standard of

staffing is relatively high; but elsewhere the head is often the only certificated teacher in the school; and in an increasing number of small schools (368 in 1906) even the head is not certificated. The Board of Education must have some difficulty in recognising the efficiency of a school conducted by a teacher who is not qualified to hold even the Board's own certificate, and ought, one might think, to bring pressure to bear upon authorities whose low standard increases the difficulties of neighbouring authorities which aim higher.

If, also, the Board were to found cheap and accessible training courses for teachers the latter could qualify in larger numbers than at present and without the humiliation which local authorities possessed of training colleges so often thrust upon teachers of a compulsory and serf-like return to the area wherein they have been trained.

Lastly, it seems futile for the Board to insist upon striking improvements in the education and training of the primary teachers of the future if at the same time it is opening a side door to an unqualified crowd. The explanation of such a policy can be only that the unqualified are nursing the places till the qualified have finished their training; but when the latter are available what will happen to the "supplementary" teachers whose qualifications are an eighteenth birthday and successful vaccination?

I remain yours faithfully,

FRANK J. ADKINS.

CRITICS AND BOOKSELLERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

London, 11 March, 1908.

SIR,—As we are the firm of publishers referred to by Mr. Vivian in the letter which appeared in your issue of 7 March under the above title, we trust you will allow us an opportunity of replying to the totally unwarranted strictures passed upon us. It is almost incredible that an incident so innocent should be capable of so sinister a construction as Mr. Vivian attaches to it. But, lest any of your readers should imagine that we desire to stifle honest criticism or that we resent adverse criticism of our books, we desire briefly to state the facts as they are, and not as they appear to Mr. Vivian's heated imagination. For a weekly journal of an entirely "non-literary" character Mr. Vivian reviewed "The White Rose Mystery" published by us. Not content with stating that he thought the book a bad one, he proceeded to drag in personalities by expressing the opinion that the Duke of Norfolk would have a good case against the author for "criminal libel". We were so amused by this idea that we introduced it into our advertisements of the book. Further, we inserted the advertisement containing Mr. Vivian's words in the very weekly journal in which his review appeared, thereby showing that we are not so petty as the "great" firm who threatened to discontinue their advertisements to a "great" magazine on account of Mr. Vivian's abuse. So far, then, from resenting Mr. Vivian's criticisms, we paid him the compliment of advertising his opinions far and wide. It is true we prefaced our quotations by referring to Mr. Vivian as a "notable" or "notorious" critic, and stated that he was peculiar in his views, but that, after all, is a matter of point of view. As, however, he objects to the epithet "notorious", we promise to refer to Mr. Vivian in future only as "notable", although we cannot help still regarding him as peculiar. Is it possible that Mr. Vivian's judgment has been warped by his fights with "beasts in an electoral arena"? Is it possible that the bitterness thus engendered causes him to magnify the wickedness of anyone who happens to offend him, and to see "fine frenzy" where none exists? We have never "belched false fire" or any other sort of fire, but desire only to sell our books honestly from our own little barrow.

We are, Sir, your obedient servants,

GREENING & CO. LTD.

P.S.—We disclaim responsibility for editorial comments in "The Imp", a monthly magazine of which we are the publishers, but we are asked to state by the

editor that he proposes to reply to Mr. Vivian's remarks in his next issue.

[Messrs. Greening are curiously anxious to fit the cap Mr. Vivian made to their own head. We do not understand their postscript. If they publish the "Imp", they are responsible for what the "Imp" says. Should the "Imp" happen to figure in court, its publishers will get short shrift if they plead irresponsibility for the "Imp's" sayings.—ED. S.R.]

THREE-HANDED BRIDGE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—I cannot agree with your correspondent "Observer" that the existing law as to the compulsory declaration by dummy in three-handed bridge is an unsatisfactory one; on the contrary, I consider it a very good one, and one that gives an added interest and piquancy to the game. It is no modern innovation. There were no recognised laws for three-handed or dummy bridge at all until the bridge laws were revised in 1904, but the three-handed game had been played for years before that, and, whatever form the game was played in, the invariable custom was that dummy was obliged to declare his longest suit, unless he had three aces, when the declaration was passed. This custom had been found to work so well that the revision committee adopted it at once, and embodied it in the laws of the game.

It is undeniable that the dealer would have far too great an advantage at the three-handed game if he could make the declaration himself every time, but the compulsory declaration by dummy acts as a check on this, and tends to minimise the dealer's undue advantage; also it brings in a fine point of play in judging whether it is not better for the dealer to make some declaration, which would perhaps be quite an unsound one with a responsible partner, in preference to leaving it to an irresponsible dummy.

Your correspondent suggests, as an alternative rule, that when the dealer leaves it to dummy, he should declare either dummy's longest suit or spades. This would certainly do away with what "Observer" calls "the absurdity of having to make a red call with only four small ones", but it would enormously increase the dealer's already over-great advantage, and would make the game too one-sided to be worth playing.

As the game exists at present the dealer, deterred by that very fear of having to make a red call on four small ones, only passes the declaration as a last resource; but if he were allowed the alternative of declaring dummy's longest suit, or of falling back on the spade call, after having seen both his own hand and dummy's, it would be right for him to pass the declaration, with no attendant danger, on two hands out of every three, and a very fine point of judgment in declaring would be lost to the game.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

W. DALTON.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 March, 1908.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Observer", in your issue of last week, advances a suggestion for three-handed bridge which is of such a distinctly ridiculous character that one can only think that it proclaims the neophyte. "Observer" proposes that the dealer, having left the call to "dummy", shall have the option of declaring Spades should the conventional call not be to his liking! That after having had the choice of two hands!

I shall not be surprised later on to read "Observer's" piteous complaints for alterations in other games: that an unlucky person when "snookered" be permitted to have a ball up; the unfortunate golfer shall pick out of a bunker and play the stroke over again; that fast bowling in cricket shall only be allowed by permission of the batsman.

After all, why should penalties of any kind be tolerated?

Your obliged servant,

NO TRUMPS

REVIEWS.

THE LAURELS.

"The Garden that I Love." Second Series. By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate. London: Macmillan. 1907. 6s.

IT is doubtful whether any house, household and garden could stand the test through which Mr. Austin once more puts his own. For he, the describer, is neither a man of genius nor yet a man of true simplicity, but a kindly, cultivated, self-conscious country gentleman with a liking for quiet surroundings. He carries neither the virtues nor the vices of his class to an interesting extreme, but always hits the unhappy mean. What house, household and garden could be treated by such a one, fond but commonplace, and not appear often ridiculous, often dull? They would have to be extraordinary, they would have to be beyond the power of any chronicler to make wearisome. They would need a real ghost, some historic association not heard of before, some exquisite scandal.

The only thing extraordinary about the persons in this book, Mr. Austin and the Poet, "double name", Lamia and Veronica, is their complacency; at least, we venture to think that it is no commoner in this perfect state in manor houses than elsewhere. In "the garden that I love" and the house, self-complacency, bashful immodesty, secluded conceit, reach almost sublime proportions; not quite; a little more, and they would have been monumental, would have left all other self-praisers to toil after them in vain, would have made a "standard work" like the "Natural History of Selborne" and Darwin on Earthworms; but unluckily they do not take the book past mediocrity in the "battledore and shuttlecock game of reciprocated sweetness", to use the author's phrase. The garden, the flowers of it, are ineffectual trifles beside this human interest.

The chief subjects for satisfaction in the book are the garden—a beautiful one, we know—and the poetry of Mr. Austin. This is a characteristic piece of praise of the garden:

"We were all much gratified on hearing from an amiable lady that, in our absence, she had asked a high dignitary of the Church who paid the garden that we love the compliment of coming to see it, what it was that made its charm, and that he replied, 'Obviously, Mind'. I think he might have added, 'and Heart'. I understand him to have meant that somebody's thoughts, somebody's root-principles in Art and taste in colour, had co-operated in its creation, and still presided over its existence. But without the adjunct of heart, or love, all the Mind in the world is powerless to produce the result that attracts and enthalls. Not only one must take pains with a thing, one must take pleasure in it as well. Bad gardens are either mindless, or heartless, or both. . . ."

We could have pardoned him had he been angry with the dignitary, if he had done anything but longwindedly and politely indulge in commonplace and words, words. Of self-praise it is hard to choose the perfect flower in such a garden, but we fasten on this for its imitation of woodland shyness:

"... Thus we fleet away the time, in the garden that we love, contributing nothing to the excitement, but, I am generously assured, occasionally to the delectation of the time, and feeling that this life of ours, exempt from public haunt, is more sweet than that of painted pomp, and quite as profitable to ourselves and others as more elaborate modes of existence."

That is too feeble, too far removed from good sense and good nonsense to provoke more than melancholy mirth. There is not a page without the presence or the shadow of this self-satisfaction—once quaintly inserted, when speaking of some colchicum bulbs, by adding that they were a present from "the wife of a famous Field Marshal and a woman of exquisite taste". Everywhere it is the writing of one who must have striven hard and long to destroy all charm for the sake of the lovely lady, Magniloquence.

Along with self-praise must be ranked the writer's praise of England, of the country and of old-fashioned

ways. He praises England as if she were weeping for need of it, and drags in an Hungarian lady who asserted "that in respect of the relations of the sexes, Englishmen, though not all of them, are the only gentlemen in Europe." "I suspect", the poet replied, "there is some truth in that. . . ."

Next comes an "erudite German philologist" who gives the reason for "the continuous superiority of English poetry for six centuries". Then—for "not a few visitors to the Old Country from the United States honour us by including our home in the range of their sympathetic curiosity"—an American praises the dear old country in a polite and charming way which exhilarates the poet and drives him into another panegyric of England at the expense of the naughty little colonies.

We would not for worlds dispute any of his facts or opinions; would not that be taking them seriously? We only point out that he has chosen a form of literature which can live only on charm, and that he has as much of it as we may suppose Elisha to have had. He cannot praise without insular and rustic abuse. To praise the countrypeople he must pretend to show that they are superior in intelligence to the townspeople, just as to praise poetry he must spit upon novels which are "outrages on masculine dignity and feminine delicacy. . . . Thank heaven! into the garden that we love that poison has not penetrated". His literary opinions are sometimes interesting, apart from the proofs which they give that garden life is not all back-scratching, but they are so stately in their slenderness that they hardly interrupt the alternating laughter and tears at this bevy of vanities.

ARCHÆOLOGY AND THE NEW TESTAMENT.

"New Light on the New Testament." By Adolf Deissmann. Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark. 1907. 3s. net.

IN a little book of less than one hundred and thirty pages Dr. Adolf Deissmann has dealt, in a very fresh and interesting manner, with a problem which during the last few years has more and more been attracting the attention of New Testament scholars. This is the illustration of the sacred writings by means not merely of the literary but also and more especially the non-literary texts of the Græco-Roman world—the inscriptions, papyri and inscribed potsherds or ostraca which recent archaeological discoveries have made accessible. The use of this non-literary evidence for the elucidation of the New Testament is, of course, comparatively a novelty, since it is only within the last century that the bulk of the material has come into the hands of scholars. In former times those who sought to reconstruct the historic background of primitive Christianity were compelled to rely mainly on the literature of the imperial period. But since this literature is undoubtedly the reflex, not of the whole body of the contemporary society, but merely of the educated, blasé upper class, the reconstructions based thereon were bound to be one-sided. Now, however, there has been made available a mass of information concerning the very classes which the literature ignores. By means of the papyri and ostraca we gain for the first time real insight into the interests and occupations and manners, the hopes and fears and opinions of the middle and lower classes, among which S. Paul laboured, and from which were drawn the first recruits to Christianity. The importance of such evidence can scarcely be overestimated. To fill in and correct with its help the picture drawn from the literature, and so to attain a full and clear conception of the environment amid which the new religion grew up, is unquestionably one of the most pressing duties of the student of Christian origins.

The object of Deissmann's book is to show how these non-literary texts assist, in various directions, to a right understanding of the New Testament. He deals, in the first place, with the language. Why was the New Testament written in Greek? It is practically certain that Christ himself used Aramaic, and it is exceedingly probable that the earliest collection of His sayings was written in that dialect. How comes it, then, that (with the exception of a few words and

phrases that are preserved in the Greek Gospels) the original Aramaic Preaching of Jesus has completely disappeared? The answer is that Christianity, if it was to become a universal religion, as distinguished from a local Galilean cult, was obliged to adopt the universal language, and the universal language in the first century of our era was Greek. In the ancient seats of civilisation surrounding the Mediterranean basin the Greek language was prevalent even amid the lowest classes of society. And further it is proved, by the evidence of the non-literary texts, that this common tongue, while differing in many important respects from the old classical forms, the Doric, Ionic or Attic, corresponded closely, both as regards vocabulary and construction, with the dialect of the New Testament. From this we may draw the following inference. The New Testament as a whole was written in the popular, colloquial language that obtained at the time throughout the Græco-Roman world. Its Greek is not, as the older philologists fancied, an isolated linguistic species, but a fine example of the living tongue habitually spoken by the common and unlearned men to whom the Gospel was originally addressed. In other words the New Testament was emphatically the Book of the People. It was written for the people in the idiom which the people used and understood. When Luther, therefore, took it from the scholars and put it in the hands of the people, he was but restoring what was in the beginning the people's own.

The above conclusion, however, leads to a further question. How many of these popular writings that are bound up together in our New Testament should be considered in a strict sense literary works? Not everything that is written, of course, can be regarded as literature. A literary work is a deliberate creation of art. But the leases, receipts, invitations, petitions, and other miscellaneous writings which archæology has recovered for us in such abundance by no means answer to such a definition. They are not creations of art, but casual documents of human life. As an illustration of the difference between a non-literary and a literary piece of writing we may contrast a private letter and an open epistle. The former is a non-literary confidential correspondence addressed to a definite person or persons; the latter is a literary work in letter form intended to interest some sort of public.

Now the earliest Christian writings are the so-called Pauline Epistles, and the question at once suggests itself, Are these really literary epistles, or are they simply non-literary letters? It has hitherto been customary to assume straight away that they are literary works, but a fresh examination of them by the light of recent discoveries leads irresistibly to the opposite conclusion. The Pauline Epistles are not, in the literary sense, epistles at all. They are genuine, familiar letters, documents not of art but of life, written not for publication or for after-ages, but simply for those to whom they were sent. S. Paul had no intention of writing pamphlets. The Epistle to the Galatians is not an essay on "the relation of Christianity to Judaism", nor is that to Philemon a dissertation on "the Christian attitude towards slavery". These and his other Epistles—even that to the Romans—were not regarded either by the author or by his correspondents as contributions to literature. They were simply letters, and should be classed with the hundreds of autograph letters that have lately been found in Egypt and elsewhere. From these productions they differ, says Deissmann, "not by being letters, but by being the letters of S. Paul".

It would appear, then, that in its beginning Christianity was non-literary. Our Lord Himself wrote nothing at all, and S. Paul, though a writer, was not a writer of literature. Later, of course, there sprang into existence a simple, popular literature intended exclusively for the unlearned members of the Christian brotherhoods, and in the Epistle to the Hebrews we get an example (perhaps solitary in the New Testament) of thoroughly artistic literature, the first adventure of the new religion into the domain of culture and learning. In its classical period, however, represented by Christ and S. Paul, Christianity was non-literary. It was the religion, not of a book or of a law, but of the living Word and the Spirit.

Lastly, Deissmann dwells at some length on the importance of the archæological finds of recent years for the illustration of the religious attitude of the people to whom the Gospel first was preached. In respect of this two points seem fairly established. The first is that the well-known picture of the religious and moral corruption of the Roman world of the first century is incorrect. Whatever may have been the case with the upper class of society, it is certain that the great mass of the people was deeply religious. No doubt there was much superstition mixed up with their religion, as is proved by the existence of large numbers of magical texts. Yet the religious instinct was neither dead nor utterly perverted. Hundreds and thousands of inscriptions and papyri bearing on religion show incontestably "that the vast majority of mankind were not tired of religion, or hostile to religion, but friendly to religion and hungering for it". The world was prepared, not merely in a negative but in a positive way, for the reception of Christianity.

The second point is that the men of the early Empire were ready to welcome Christianity as a religion rather than as a theology. The memorials of pagan piety that have survived are, in overwhelming proportion, records of religion, monuments of childlike, unquestioning and essentially non-theological devotion. Of scientific reflection on the facts of religious experience there is little evidence. We may conjecture, then, that when Christianity came to these men it came in the form of life, of religion, rather than of doctrine. And when we turn to the New Testament for confirmation of our conjecture, we find that it is just such simple, predogmatic religion that actually confronts us. The men of the New Testament are gripped and dominated by certain great ideas, and live by them, but they do not consciously refine on them or elaborate them into systems. S. Paul himself is first and foremost a preacher of religion, and only secondarily a teacher of theology. Hence among the early Christians we find a rich variety of conception, even on such a subject as the Personality of our Lord. "There is no stereotyped formula, no exclusive dogma, no uniform Christology. Thousands of witnesses confess Christ in as many voices, and yet they are voices singing in harmony the nations' hymn of praise. Some acknowledge Him as the Shepherd, the Way, the Guide, the King, the High Priest, the Saviour, the Lord; others confess the Lamb of God, the Prophet, the Brother, the Son of God, the Son of Man, the Son of David, the Author and Perfector of our faith. One or other of these full chords of praise would appeal to practically everybody who was at all attracted by Jesus."

The great interest of Dr. Deissmann's book lies in his point of view. Hitherto the tendency has been to study Christianity almost exclusively from the aristocratic standpoint. The literature emanating from the cultured upper class has been used to illustrate its primitive environment, and its later development has too often been regarded as a history of theologians and princes and great churchmen. Deissmann, however, reminds us that the really important factor in Christian history, particularly at its beginning, is the man in the street. Our religion took its rise in the middle and lower classes; it drew its strength from below. If therefore we would really understand the phenomena of this religion, and the character of its literature, we must turn back to investigate the stratum of society in which both the religion and the literature originated. By himself doing this, and by encouraging others in the same course, Dr. Deissmann is carrying on a work which is likely to prove very fruitful of results for New Testament criticism in the immediate future.

SHELLEY AND HIS BROWN BESS.

"Letters from Percy Bysshe Shelley to Elizabeth Hitchener." London: Bertram Dobell. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. 1908. 5s. net.

IT was in 1811, during a short period of comparative calm, that Shelley, aged nineteen, first met the "sister of his soul", Elizabeth Hitchener. His expulsion from Oxford had taken place a few months before, and during those months his choleric father had refused

to be reconciled with him except upon terms which no philosopher, aged nineteen, could accept. But Captain Pilfold, his mother's brother, had now stepped in and had managed to put things straight for the moment. The captain was living at Cuckfield, not far from Field Place. He was not inclined to take his nephew's subversive ideas over-seriously. He got him down to Sussex, and presently Shelley was at home again, forgiven by his father and in possession of an allowance of two hundred a year without any unphilosophical conditions attached to it. The armistice did not, as we know, last long. In spite of these signs of grace Shelley could not overthrow what he called his father's "superbism and irrationalism" enough to make him see, shortly afterwards, the beauty and necessity of his runaway marriage with Harriet Westbrook. But during the few intervening weeks of peace Shelley had met a kindred soul, an intellect untrammelled by prejudice, a mind which could apprehend the calm delights of reason, in the person of a neighbouring Sussex schoolmistress, Elizabeth Hitchener. The wonderful creature was twenty-nine years old, dark and distinguished-looking, eager for high communion, and regarded by most of her acquaintance with suspicion as one who thought herself too good for her place. She was the daughter of a retired smuggler, but she was estranged from her family and found herself solitary and misunderstood. Shelley, equally lonely in intellectual isolation at Field Place, was soon drawn to her, not in any vulgar tenderness but in a spirit of pure reason. A voluminous correspondence ensued, which spread over the whole of the following winter. This correspondence was privately printed in 1900, but it has not until now been published in full. Mr. Bertram Dobell introduces it with perhaps rather more circumstance than the occasion demands, because the important parts of it have long been public and were used by Professor Dowden in his "Life of Shelley", while the rest is not in itself of any great value. None the less Shelley's story is too brief and too interesting for any addition to be received with indifference, and Mr. Dobell, in publishing these letters, has done a good service, although his long and discursive introduction is really and truly out of proportion to it. It is sad to record that our interest in the later letters had to struggle against prolonged irritation due to the displacement of the pages. The printer, not the binder, must be held responsible for this—for instance, one of the leaves is page 289 on one side and page 306 on the other. It is to be hoped that this horrible tangle does not appear in many of the copies. The book is otherwise attractively turned out.

By the time Shelley left Field Place, in July 1811, the correspondence with Miss Hitchener was in full swing. The tone is kept well up to the level of the occasion. "Dismiss, then, Christianity, in which no arguments can enter. Passion and Reason are in their natures opposite. Christianity is the former; and Deism (for we are now no further) is the latter." "And Liberty!—Poor Liberty! even the religionists who cry so much for thee use thy name but as a mask, that they alone may seize the torch"—and so on and so forth. Shelley himself—the Shelley we know from the vivacious pages of Hogg, the odd, incalculable Shelley, with his whimsical humour and keen sense of the grotesque—entirely disappears under this faithful reflection of the rhetoric of his day. But presently things nearer home than liberty and eternity begin to intrude themselves. On 8 October he writes from York, defending the "equivocality" of his conduct in having undergone the ceremony of marriage. His soul's sister must not blame him for having fallen below his high professions by an unworthy compromise with the world's degraded opinions. He has legally married Harriet Westbrook, but purely for her sake, from the consideration due to a weaker vessel. Shelley does not do himself justice in the tone with which he writes of Harriet to Elizabeth. He was genuinely fond of his wife, it is clear from other accounts, even though it was chiefly out of kindness that he rescued her from her troubles. But with Elizabeth he takes a line that might well have galled the gentle Harriet. The loftier intellect of his friend is to help him to form and cultivate the immature mind of his wife. Harriet, however, was all meekness,

and eagerly joined him in begging Miss Hitchener to come and live with them "for ever". Miss Hitchener had some rudiments of prudence, and was at present in no hurry to do this. Meanwhile the Shelleys, now settled with Hogg at York, found their money running short. Mr. Shelley the elder had stopped the unconditional allowance. "I have written frequently to this thoughtless man", says his son, in all gravity, "and am now determined to visit him, in order to try the force of truth." But the thoughtless man proved impervious, and Shelley returned to York disappointed. He was faced with the discovery that while he had been away Hogg, the other partner of his soul, had tried to make love to his wife. Shelley's grief at this treachery was deep and bitter, and it is touching to see how it forces its way even through the rhetoric of his style as he writes of it to Elizabeth. He bore his wife off to a cottage near Keswick, with a parting injunction to Hogg to write to him. "You can conjecture", he writes to Elizabeth, "that my letters to him will be neither infrequent nor short." Harriet's elder sister was by this time established as a member of the household. Eliza Westbrook, so vividly and so venomously immortalised by Hogg, seems as a matter of fact to have been a help to them. She kept the purse, such as it was, and allowed Shelley to combat her intellectual prejudices. Things began to look up. By the intervention of the Duke of Norfolk Shelley was once more forgiven by his father and his allowance renewed, expressly "to prevent my cheating strangers", he tells Elizabeth. Southey's friendship and kindness were also pleasant, though his political tergiversation and still more his habit of saying "You will think differently when you are as old as I am" were less so. Letters meanwhile poured to and fro between Keswick and Hurstpierpoint, where Miss Hitchener was still teaching her pupils. Shelley wrote on sheets so large that Elizabeth was sometimes unjustly made to pay double for them; his natural self, if it did not much appear inside, at least appeared on the address of one of them in a "strong though vulgar appeal to the feelings of the postmaster"—"Single sheet, by God!"

Soon it was time to carry justice and truth into Ireland, and we next find them established in lodgings in Dublin. The "Address to the Irish People", written at Keswick, was printed and scattered broadcast. "I stand at the balcony of our window", writes Shelley, "and watch till I see a man who looks likely: I throw a book to him". Harriet adds a few lines to one of the letters, describing the distribution of the pamphlets in a more flippant vein. "We throw them out of window," she says, "and give them to men that we pass in the streets. For myself I am ready to die of laughter when it is done, and Percy looks so grave." They still hoped Miss Hitchener would come to live with them, and the question arose, what was she to be called, to avoid confusion with Harriet's sister Eliza? Miss Hitchener elected to be called Portia—Portia daughter of Cato, it is to be understood, not Portia of Belmont—which took the simple Harriet somewhat aback. "I had thought", she writes, "it would have been one more common, and more pleasing to the ear." Finally they compromised upon Bessy. They left Ireland in the spring, and a few weeks later, at Lynmouth, Portia or Bessy did actually at last come to live with them "for ever". The correspondence closes in joyful expectation. The partnership lasted longer than might have been predicted—it was not until the winter that poor Portia's company became insupportable. By December she was "the Brown Demon . . . our late tormenter and schoolmistress", so Shelley describes her to Hogg. They decided to pension her off on £100 a year, though it is not known whether she accepted the bribe. Anyhow she took herself off to her own country; later on we hear of her as the authoress of a poem called "The Weald of Sussex", and afterwards as the respected mistress of a girls' school at Edmonton.

It is altogether a pathetic, interesting, absurd story; and though the letters contain nothing material to it which was not known before, it is satisfactory to have them complete.

PICTURES OF EGYPT.

"Below the Cataracts." Written and Illustrated with Sixty Plates in Colour by Walter Tyndale. London: Heinemann. 1907. 16s.

OF making of books about Egypt there is no end, more especially of illustrated books. In the particular case of Mr. Tyndale's book, however, it is not a weariness to the flesh either to read it or to look at the pictures it contains. Mr. Tyndale is an artist who has spent more than one winter in the valley of the Nile, who has known what a summer is like in the old picturesque town of Rosetta, and who has lived in the camps of the excavators in Upper Egypt. He has therefore seen more of the life of the country than falls to the lot of the ordinary tourist, for whom indeed he appears to have but scant respect. He writes simply and naturally, giving for the most part an account of his own experiences, and what he writes is consequently pleasant to read.

It is, however, disfigured by two irritating faults. The names of the excavators whom he met and with some of whom he stayed recur pretty frequently, and almost as often without "Mr." In writing to friends the formal "Mr." can be dispensed with, but Mr. Tyndale's book is intended for the public, and in such a case a more ceremonial mode of reference is, to say the least of it, customary, more especially where the gentlemen referred to are often scarcely more than casual acquaintances.

The other fault is a more serious one, and could have been easily remedied if only the author had asked someone who knew Arabic to look over his proofs. The spelling of Arabic names and words is hopeless. English, French, German, and Italian spellings are all mixed up together, the English spelling adopted being sometimes phonetic, sometimes etymological, and the same name or grammatical termination appearing on different pages in different forms. Where Mr. Tyndale ventures upon a spelling of his own the result is appalling. Time after time mention is made of the "Sawarhine", by which is meant sawwāhīn, the usual term for tourists. We hear elsewhere of "stacks of Ballāssa", which ought to be either balālis if Mr. Tyndale insists upon giving the proper Arabic word, or ballāsis if he prefers an Anglicised form of it; and even the common oa' ya gēda, "Take care, my brave fellow," is turned into oah ja (!) gedda. One would have thought that by this time the name of Denshawai (or Denishwai) was fairly well known to the English-speaking world; it is difficult to recognise it, however, in Mr. Tyndale's "Denshaur". Old Egyptian words do not fare much better than modern Arabic; at all events "Nēwt" is an odd way of writing Nut. "Herr Bey" for Herz Bey in the preface is doubtless a misprint, and perhaps the same may be said of "Armanus" for Annianus, the first Bishop of Alexandria.

But Mr. Tyndale is an artist, and must accordingly be judged by his pictures, and not by the eccentricities and shortcomings of his Arabic. And his pictures, or rather the coloured reproductions of them, are delightful. He has caught the rich glow of the Egyptian atmosphere, and his pictures of Cairo compare favourably in this respect with those of other recently published works on Egypt. Still more delightful are his pictures of the monuments of Upper Egypt, and we are glad to learn that the present volume will be followed by another containing illustrations of the temples of Esna, Edfu, and Kom Ombo. Among many charming illustrations one of the most charming is a portrait of Seti from the temple of Abydos, where the Pharaoh is represented offering an image of Truth to the god Osiris. Mr. Tyndale expresses his regret that the Hathor cow discovered at Dêr el-Bâharî was not left there in the shrine in which Thothmes III. had placed it; his regret would have been increased had he known that the beautiful shrine from which it emerges was broken on its way to Cairo. Perhaps in his second volume he may give us a picture of the monument.

Mr. Tyndale had the good fortune to see the tomb of "queen Tyi" before it was despoiled of its contents, and the emotions the sight excited in him are described

in eloquent language. The "sad disillusionment", however, of which he subsequently speaks need not distress him, since, though the mummy turns out to be that of a very young man, the wrappings and crown were those of the queen. The wrappings, in fact, were too short for the particular mummy that had been hastily thrust into them. Why this particular mummy should have been chosen it is, of course, impossible to say; Professor Maspero suggests that it may have been the body of Saa-ka-Ra, the son-in-law of the "Heretic King", but it is very possible that it was that of some unknown man, perhaps the original owner of the tomb. In such matters the Egyptians were not very particular, the "intention", as theologians would call it, was to them of more consequence than the material fact. It is probable that the queen's mummy had been torn in pieces like that of her heretic son long before some later Pharaoh determined upon collecting what was left of the funeral furniture of mother and son, moved thereto by the same feeling as that which made Jehu order the burial of Jezebel. They might be "cursed" in the eyes of the orthodox Egyptian, but they were at least of royal lineage. Such, at any rate, seems the simplest explanation of the strange mixture of relics and mummy which have been disinterred from the tomb of "queen Tyi".

ADVENTURERS OF THE SWORD.

"Soldiers of Fortune." By Alexander Innes Shand. Constable. 1907. 10s. 6d. net.

IT is sad to think that the author of this lively little book, Alexander Shand, the delightful talker, the ideal companion, is no longer with us. This is military adventure of the old romantic sort, strung together on a thread of the biographies of a dozen soldiers of all ages, from Sir John Hawkwood down to George Thomas and Colonel Skinner of Indian fame. The mediæval condottieri are a little shadowy; we can only see them from outside, as they are reflected in the not over trustworthy mirror of the chronicler. Carmagnola or Francesco Sforza wrote no autobiography, or we might be better instructed than we shall ever be as to the secrets by which the strange mercenary armies of the fifteenth century were held together. The real interest of the book lies in the self-revelations of the half-dozen seventeenth and eighteenth century soldiers of fortune who were good enough to put down their experiences on paper. Of these some are more, some less, notable as psychological studies. Colonel Robert Munro and Marshal Keith wrote straightforward military narratives of what they had seen and done, which owe their main interest to the fact that their lots had been cast in the very thick of stirring times. The men themselves were capable and observant, so that their memoirs are good reading simply for what they contain. Yet many will find the screeds of the autobiography of a much smaller man, James Skinner, more absorbing, simply because the character of the half-educated Eurasian printer's apprentice who cut his way to fame and fortune in the "Great Indian Anarchy," to which Lord Wellesley put an end, is more abnormal than that of either of the well-born soldiers of fortune whom we mentioned before him. The impressions of the self-made man, with all his limitations, and his imperfect power of expression, seem to give us more of the spirit of the time, simply because he took less for granted when he wrote down his reminiscences. Moreover, we already know much of the court and camp of Philip V. of Spain or Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden, but life in the army of Dowlut Rao Scindiah is new to almost every reader. The palace intrigues, mutinies and rebellions, battles, murders and sudden deaths in the Mahratta States during the last quarter of the eighteenth century are known to us, for the most part, only by reading the chronicles of Grant Duff and other English writers who saw them from outside. James Skinner saw them from within, they came in the ordinary way of his business as a leader of mercenary sepoys, and he recorded them in a matter-of-fact way, with his comments from the point of view of a soldier who was determined to be

"true to his salt", and had a fine contempt for mere Orientals. For in spite of his Eurasian blood—"eight annas in the rupee"—Skinner always regarded himself as an Englishman, and never forgot that he was the son of an officer in the Company's service. He had strange ups and downs—now getting splendid loot, two gold idols with diamond eyes and such like trifles, and being decorated with shawls of honour and paraded in a golden palanquin—now suspected of treason, and forced to witness the horrible deaths of Scindiah's detected enemies, of whom, as he relates, "four were blown from guns in the ordinary way, one was blown up with rockets, some simply poisoned, while others had their heads crushed in with tent mallets". This happened shortly after "a grand entertainment in the true Hindoo style, to which the Rajah accompanied us. We had several sorts of liquors, beside strong Hindostanee spirits, and spent the day very happily. After dinner several sets of handsome nautch-girls were introduced, who sang and danced well, and about 3 P.M. we were called by the Rajah to see fights between elephants, as well as between tigers and buffaloes. This amused us highly, until near sunset, when we received Scindiah's permission to depart, and went back to camp". It was strange that Skinner, unlike so many of his companions whose ends were sudden and dreadful, survived to be taken into the Company's service, and to become one of Lord Lake's most trusted officers. He served long years in the Indian army as the colonel of his "yellow boys"—that astonishing cavalry regiment in bright orange tunics and turbans, who gave Thackeray the idea of Major Goliah Ganagan's "Soutancantarabad Irregulars". Possibly Skinner himself was to a certain extent the prototype of Major Goliah himself; his adventures were in some respects not unlike those of the imaginary leader of light horse. But Goliah's physical aspect is borrowed from that of Skinner's second in command, Major Frazer, who owned the vast red beard and gigantic stature of Thackeray's hero. Skinner himself was broad, but only of middle height; he shaved clean, had dark hair, and showed strong traces of his mixed descent in eyes and mouth.

We have reserved to the last a note on the two most interesting of Mr. Shand's dozen adventurers—the noblest and the most ignoble of the list. Prince Eugène of Savoy was such a great man and such an admirable character that it seems hard to link him in the list with some of the others. But since he took service in a foreign land and spent all his life in fighting the enemies of Austria—who sometimes included his own Savoyard kinsmen—the name of adventurer can hardly be denied him. He was not an exile perforce—like Schomberg or Berwick or Keith—but served the Emperor mainly because in his youth he had been slighted by Louis XIV., and had imbibed a bitter hatred of him and all his works. Once taken into the employment of the House of Hapsburg, he worked with the most loyal and unselfish zeal under a succession of three suspicious and thankless masters—Leopold, Joseph, and Charles. His memoirs give a most favourable impression of his character—they breathe a magnanimity and calm wisdom such as one seldom finds in any autobiography. Seldom were fiery courage and long-suffering endurance, just and kindly consideration for subordinates and colleagues, unselfishness and courtesy so happily blended as in Eugène of Savoy. Withal he had a sprightly pen and a considerable sense of humour, as many of Mr. Shand's quotations show.

It is strange to pass on from such a knightly character to that queer compound of professional soldier and shuffling casuist, Sir James Turner, whose memoirs fill another of the chapters of this book. Walter Scott undoubtedly drew from him all the baser and more sordid side of Dugald Dalgetty. It is astounding that any man, even a hardened mercenary, could set down so many of his own shameless changes of cause and colours. But he writes with a certain unctious and power of hypocritical self-reproach that is intensely amusing. For example, when he enlists with the Scots he "made a fashion to take the Covenant that under pretence of the Covenant he might ruin the Covenanters, a thing that (though too much practised

in this corrupt world) is in itself dishonest, sinful, and disavowable". His service with David Leslie forced him to take a part in the massacre of Colkitto's Irish, the last remnant of the army of Montrose and the last open supporters of King Charles in Scotland. It was very deplorable, since Turner was plotting for the King at the moment, but all came in the mercenary's day's work. Within a short time he has openly declared for the Royalist cause, shared in the Duke of Hamilton's Preston disaster, and then once more made his peace with the Covenanters and taken service again with them. "Behold a fearful sinne," he piously ejaculates, "the Ministers took our repentances as unfeigned, knowing well that they were counterfeit, while we made no scruple to perjure ourselves, speaking against conscience and judgement." It is strange that one who broke faith so often never came to the sharp and sudden end that befell so many traitors in the Great Civil War. He survived to serve along with Claverhouse and Dalziel in the reign of Charles II., and to suffer a final dismissal for malversation of money, wrung without due warrant from the Lowland shires, which he had been "dragooning". Truly he was a most unedifying and hypocritical knave; his only redeeming point was that, unlike many of his colleagues, he was not gratuitously cruel, and always preferred plunder to bloodshed.

NOVELS.

"Mothers in Israel: a Study in Rustic Amenities." By J. S. Fletcher. London: Murray. 1908. 6s.

That feminine backbiting is not less prevalent amongst Congregational church-members in remote villages than elsewhere is a statement we should have accepted even before reading this vivid, not very cheerful story. Mr. Fletcher would put the proposition more strongly still, but we think he is a little hard upon his two narrow-minded "props of Zion". It was inevitable that the vulgar rivalry of Mrs. Gill and Mrs. Hancock in the small world of their chapel would result in their falling foul of the young minister with ideals and an alleged sense of humour. It was natural that being matrons with a marriageable daughter apiece they would not greet the news of his engagement to April May the schoolmistress with enthusiastic approval. They had a poor opinion of Miss May because she went out driving with a gentlemanly veterinary surgeon on Saturday afternoons. Well, there are circles neither rustic nor nonconformist in which a young lady who dispenses with a chaperon is deemed to be taking an unfair advantage of her competitors. But for the charge the "Mothers in Israel" ultimately brought against the schoolmistress there was a good *prima facie* case. They turned out to be wrong—at least Mr. Fletcher considers that the explanation given to the church-meeting by the exemplary veterinary surgeon (who was not subjected to anything like cross-examination) sufficiently proves not only their mistake but their malice. It seems difficult to say that there was anything very reprehensible in their making a Star Chamber matter of it. But that we can discuss their action thus only shows that the author has managed to invest his characters with reality.

"The Individualist: a Novel." By Philip Gibbs. London: Richards. 1908. 6s.

Why has it become the fashion in the novel and the drama to encumber promising young politicians with discreditable liaisons? Is it a reaction against the oppressive social purity of our actual legislators? Mr. Gibbs, at any rate, hardly succeeds in raising an equal interest in the love and the politics of his Stretton Wingfield, who forms a sort of Young England party to interpose between Conservatives and Socialists. The central figure is a young schoolmistress who, combining absolute ignorance of the world with advanced theoretical views on the marriage relation, is the predestined prey of a fickle young man of genius. Her history is interesting, and is set out with insight and delicacy, but the author does not work out the development of her lover's character. The inevitable other

man—in this case a blacksmith's son who works his way up to a brilliant career at Oxford—is conventional, but Wingfield's maiden aunts, the ladies of the Manor, are charming.

"The Standertons: a Society Sketch." By the Earl of Ellesmere. London: Heinemann. 1908. 6s.

This story is partially redeemed by a dowager before whom the younger members of her family cower in terror, but the seduction of a young woman is hardly worth the prominence assigned to it by the chronicler when it is such a dull and unemotional business as Lord Standerton made of it. Poor Betty serves only to stimulate the American Lady Standerton to her uncongenial conjugal duties by producing a superfluous infant and then getting killed. We do not in the least understand the peculiar attitude of the injured wife, and have found the novel nauseous without being exactly nasty.

SHORTER NOTICES.

"About Nothing and Kindred Subjects." By H. Belloc. London: Methuen. 1908.

Mr. Belloc's reputation for cleverness is now so assured that we cannot quite understand why he does not set to work on something really important and lasting. He is one of the brilliants of literary journalism or journalistic literature, whichever be the right term, and everybody agreed long ago that he was the best man in this line Oxford had "turned out" for years. His new volume is quite up to the standard; fresh, frank, versatile. It sparkles all through. It presents old things, perfectly familiar things, in new and unfamiliar lights; and, what is more, the ingenious author is not ever asking us to admire him for his cleverness, as two or three of his rivals in this business are sure to do. Mr. Belloc's little collection of essays and reflections is quite one to put in the pocket or

(Continued on page 344.)

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portmanteau for the end of the week; and it is one to be taken out and read. But it is probably small beer compared with the stuff Mr. Belloc could brew if he chose. He drinks strong beer—he has admitted it in Parliament—and must be able to think it as well. He gives us here the result of his play, and a most pleasant result; but many of his admirers may be beginning to look for the result of his labours.

Women in all the more delicate work in gardens often excel. They have a way of making plants grow in soil and surroundings where a man, amateur or professional, fails utterly; and, as the work and taste of Miss Jekyll show, the woman gardener at her best is easily above the man at his best. The difficulty is the hard work—the digging, hoeing, and renewing of the garden. Many women, otherwise good gardeners, fail in this. But there are even here many exceptions, as Swanley and as Glynde prove. Glynde is carried on by the Hon. Frances Wolseley, who is a firm believer in practical gardening for women. She has among her supporters Mr. W. Robinson and Miss Gertrude Jekyll, and certainly the programme and methods of the school appear to be sound and useful. Miss Wolseley is the author of "Gardening for Women" (Cassell, 6s. net), a practical handbook. It urges that gardening is a good profession for women, and gives directions as to the growing of flowers and vegetables; treats of landscape gardening and—a somewhat unlovely expression—"jobbing gardening". "Dress", "Cottage and Food", and "The Medical Aspect of Gardening for Women" are among the contents.

"Clubs", edited by E. C. Austen Leigh and published by Messrs. Spottiswoode (3s. 6d.), like all useful reference books, continues to grow in size, and the 1908 edition contains a list of over three thousand clubs of all sorts frequented by Britons in all parts of the world.

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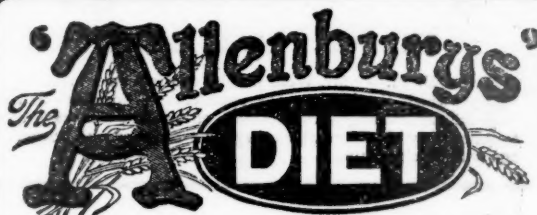
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Cash applications on the form prescribed will be received at the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, Lothbury, and must be for even hundreds of Stock, and be accompanied by a deposit of 5 per cent. on the nominal amount applied for.

The list for Cash applications will be closed on or before Wednesday, the 18th March, 1908.

In case of partial allotment, the surplus of the amount paid as deposit will be appropriated towards the payment of the instalment due on allotment.

Payment will be required as follows, viz.:

£5 per cent. on application.	
£20 " " " 30th March, 1908.	
£25 " " " 12th May, 1908.	
£50 " " " 25th June, 1908.	

£100

Payment may be made in full on the 30th March, 1908, or on any subsequent day, under discount at the rate of 3 per cent. per annum.

In case of default in the payment of any instalment at its due date the deposit and instalments previously paid will be liable to forfeiture.

Stock Certificates will be issued after payment of the amount due on allotment, and such Certificates, when paid up in full, will be convertible into Inscribed Stock on presentation at the London and Westminster Bank, Limited, Lothbury.

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14th March, 1908.

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HONGKONG & SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

EIGHTY-FIFTH REPORT

Of the Court of Directors to the Ordinary Half-yearly General Meeting of Shareholders, held at the City Hall, Hongkong, on the 15th February, 1908.

TO THE PROPRIETORS OF THE HONGKONG AND SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION.

ENTLEMEN.—The Directors have now to submit to you a General Statement of the affairs of the Bank, and Balance-sheet for the half-year ending 31st December, 1907.

The net profits for that period, including \$1,797,167.54, balance brought forward from last account, after paying all charges, deducting interest paid and due, and making provision for bad and doubtful accounts, amount to \$4,942,974.06.

The Directors recommend the transfer of \$500,000 from the Profit and Loss Account to credit of the Silver Reserve Fund, which Fund, with the addition from the premium on the New Shares, will then stand at \$13,500,000.

After making this Transfer and deducting Remuneration to Directors there remains for appropriation \$4,437,974.06, out of which the Directors recommend the payment of a Dividend of Two Pounds Sterling per Share on the Old Shares, and a proportionate Dividend, or One Pound and Ten Shillings Sterling per Share on the New Shares, viz.: £220,000—which at 1s. 9d., the rate of the day, will absorb \$2,427,586.21.

The Balance, \$2,000,387.85, to be carried to New Profit and Loss Account.

CAPITAL.

The Shares of the new issue have all been allotted and paid for in full; the Capital now stands at \$15,000,000, and from the premium on the New Shares the Sterling Reserve Fund has been increased by £500,000 and the Silver Reserve Fund by \$1,250,000.

DIRECTORS.

The Honourable Mr. H. KESWICK has been elected Chairman for the year 1908, and Mr. E. GOETZ Deputy-Chairman.

Mr. A. HAUPT having resigned his seat on leaving the Colony, Mr. G. FRIESLAND has been invited to fill the vacancy; the appointment requires confirmation at this Meeting.

Mr. G. H. MEDHURST, Mr. C. R. LENZMANN and Mr. H. E. TOMKINS retire in rotation, but being eligible for re-election, offer themselves accordingly.

AUDITORS.

The accounts have been audited by Mr. W. HUTTON POTTS and Mr. A. G. WOOD, who offer themselves for re-election.

G. H. MEDHURST,
Chairman.

HONGKONG, 4th February, 1908.

ABSTRACT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES.

31st December, 1907.

LIABILITIES.	
Paid-up Capital	\$15,000,000.00
Sterling Reserve Fund £1,500,000 at ex. 2s.	15,000,000.00
Silver Reserve Fund	13,000,000.00
Marine Insurance Account	250,000.00
Notes in Circulation:—	
Authorised Issue against Securities and Coin Deposited with the Crown Agents for the Colonies and their Trustees.	\$15,000,000.00
Additional Issue authorised by Hongkong Ordinances against Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government	711,147.00
Current { Silver	\$79,411,028.55
Accounts { Gold £4,909,913 4s. 5d. =	47,545,722.57
Fixed { Silver	\$30,679,064.80
Deposits { Gold £4,816,419 9s. 4d. =	46,441,350.60
Bills Payable (including Drafts on London Bankers, Call Loans and Short Sight Drawings on London Office against Bills Receivable and Bullion Shipments)	11,475,783.32
Profit and Loss Account	4,942,974.06
Liability on Bills of Exchange re-discounted, £7,372,442 16s. 2d., of which £4,923,763 9s. 9d. have since run off.	
	\$299,457,070.90

ASSETS.	
Cash	\$40,508,867.57
Coin lodged with the Hongkong Government against authorised and/or excess Note Circulation	10,000,000.00
Bullion in Hand and in Transit	4,131,765.92
Indian Government Rupee Paper	2,015,391.84
Consols, Colonial and other Securities	6,403,912.25
Sterling Reserve Fund Investments, viz.:—	
£1,208,000 2½ Per Cent. Consols at 82	£990,560
(of which £350,000 is lodged with the Bank of England as a Special London Reserve).	
£255,000 2½ Per Cent. National War Loan, at 90	229,500
£325,000 Other Sterling Securities, written down to	279,940
	£1,500,000 at ex. 2s. \$15,000,000.00
Bills Discounted, Loans and Credits	\$101,598,165.72
Bills Receivable	118,006,643.45
Bank Premises	1,792,304.79
	\$299,457,070.90

GENERAL PROFIT AND LOSS ACCOUNT.

31st December, 1907.

Dr.	
To amounts written off:—	
Remuneration to directors	\$15,000.00
Dividend account:—	
£2 per share on 20,000 shares	£160,000
Proportionate Dividend, or £1 10s., per Share on 40,000 Shares, New Issue	60,000
	£220,000
Transfer to Silver Reserve Fund	at 1s. 9d. = 2,427,586.21
Balance forward to next half-year	500,000.00
	2,000,387.85
	\$4,942,974.06

Cr.	
By Balance of Undivided Profits, 30th June, 1907	\$1,797,167.54
Amount of Net Profits for the Six Months ending 31st December, 1907, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts, deducting all Expenses and Interest paid and due	3,145,806.52
	\$4,942,974.06

STERLING RESERVE FUND.

To Balance, £1,500,000 at ex. 2s.	\$15,000,000.00
	\$15,000,000.00

By Balance 30th June, 1907, £1,000,000 at ex. 2s.	\$10,000,000.00
" Part of Premium on New Shares, £500,000 at ex. 2s.	5,000,000.00
(invested in Sterling Securities).	
	\$15,000,000.00

SILVER RESERVE FUND.

To Balance	\$13,500,000.00
	\$13,500,000.00

By Balance 30th June, 1907	\$11,750,000.00
" Balance of Premium on New Shares	1,250,000.00
" Transfer from Profit and Loss Account	500,000.00
	\$13,500,000.00

J. R. M. SMITH, Chief Manager.

C. W. MAY, Chief Accountant.

G. H. MEDHURST,
H. KESWICK,
A. FUCHS, } Directors.

W. HUTTON POTTS,
A. G. WOOD, } Auditors.

We have compared the above Statement with the Books, Vouchers, and Securities at the Head Office, and with the Returns from the various Branches and Agencies, and have found the same to be correct.

HONGKONG, 4th February, 1908.

The following particulars are taken from the Prospectus which has been filed with the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies.

The SUBSCRIPTION LIST will OPEN on SATURDAY, the 14th day of March, 1908, and CLOSE on or before WEDNESDAY, the 18th day of March, 1908.

WILLIAM HOLLINS & COMPANY (LIMITED). (Incorporated under the Companies Acts.)

Spinners and Manufacturers of "Viyella" (Regd.), and Spinners of Hosiery and other Yarns.

CAPITAL £800,000

Divided into
400,000 Ordinary Shares of £1 each £400,000
400,000 Five per cent. Cumulative Preference Shares of £1 each 400,000
£800,000

It is intended to pay the Preference Dividend quarterly. The Prospectus invites subscriptions for

240,000 FIVE PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES
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- 7s. 6d. per Share on Allotment.
- 5s. 0d. per Share on the 30th day of April, 1908.
- 5s. 0d. per Share on the 30th day of May, 1908.

Allottees who so desire may pay up in full on allotment, and interest at the rate of 5 per cent. per annum will be allowed on the amount so paid in advance.

Directors.

HENRY ERNEST HOLLINS, Uplands, near Mansfield, Notts (Chairman and Managing Director), Spinner and Manufacturer.

WILLIAM HOLLINS, Herry Hill, near Mansfield, Notts, Esq.

CHARLES HOSE HILL, Woodborough Hall, near Nottingham, Spinner and Manufacturer.

CLAUDE HOLLINS, 24 Sussex Place, Regent's Park, London, Spinner and Manufacturer.

JOHN PARK DOUGLAS, Kilmacolm, Renfrewshire, Spinner and Manufacturer.

EDGAR LYON PAGET, Pleasley Vale, Mansfield, Notts, Spinner and Manufacturer.

ARTHUR REMINGTON HOLLINS, Pleasley Vale, Mansfield, Notts, Spinner and Manufacturer.

Bankers.

THE UNION OF LONDON & SMITHS BANK (LTD.), Princes Street, London, E.C.; also Mansfield, Nottingham, and Branches.

Brokers.

T. T. CURWEN & SONS, 1 Cornhill, London, E.C.

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BROMLEY, CUNLIFFE & CO., Prudential Buildings, Nottingham.

ARTHUR E. BLAKE, Prudential Buildings, Nottingham.

PERCY B. DOBSON, King Street, Nottingham.

Solicitors.

FIELD, ROSCOE & CO., 36 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London.

DOWSON & WRIGHT, Weekday Cross, Nottingham.

G. M. ROBB & CROSBIE, 141 St. Vincent Street, Glasgow.

Auditors.

PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO., 3 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, London, E.C.

Secretary (*pro tem.*)—MARCUS L. T. HARE.

Registered Office.

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The original business of Wm. Hollins & Co. was that of spinners of merino and cotton yarns, and this manufacture is still successfully carried on, forming a substantial and lucrative part of the business. In the year 1894 the yarn and fabric now widely known as "Viyella" were introduced by the Company. The name "Viyella" was registered as a trade mark in Great Britain and abroad, and since that date very large sums have been spent on advertising the goods and protecting the marks, with the result that "Viyella" is now a household word, and both the yarn and the manufactured cloth and made-up garments enjoy everywhere a very extensive sale.

There are several thousand accounts on the books.

The business will be taken over by the New Company as a going concern as from 1st December, 1907, and will comprise the following items:—

- (1) The freehold works, mills, and properties at Mansfield, Nottingham, Huddersfield, and Cromford; the heritable premises at Glasgow; the Freehold Warehouse in Nottingham; the Leasehold Warehouses in London and Berlin, with the entire plant, machinery, and effects therein, which (not including goodwill, stock-in-trade, or stores) have been valued by Messrs. Edward Rushton, Son & Kenyon, Valuers, of Manchester, at £341,126, but are to be taken over by the New Company at
- (2) Stock of Raw and Finished Materials at cost or under ... £315,000 0 0
- (3) Book Debts ... 245,153 1 0
- (4) Trade Investments (as valued) ... 110,994 8 11
- (5) Cash ... 20,550 0 0
- (6) Goodwill, the price of which has been fixed at ... 4,817 8 1
- (7) Goodwill, the price of which has been fixed at ... 50,000 0 0

Being approximately equal to one year's net profits on the average for the last six years, and which includes the Company's very valuable trade marks and registered name "Viyella," as well as the difference between Messrs. Rushton, Son & Kenyon's valuation of Item 1 above, and the sum at which the same is being taken over by the New Company, and certain reserves amounting to about £8,000 not included in the above items.

Less—Current liabilities taken over by the New Company ... £746,544 18 0

£44,544 18 0

£792,000 0 0

The great bulk of the book debts has been already collected.

Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co. have given the following certificate:—

3 Frederick's Place, Old Jewry, E.C., 21st February, 1908.

To the Directors of William Hollins & Co. (Ltd.).

GENTLEMEN.—Having acted as Auditors of your Company since its formation, we are enabled to certify the profits earned for the past nine years and two months.

We have adjusted the profits shown in the audited accounts by charging in place of the remuneration paid to the Directors and Managers, sums equal to the fixed annual amounts which will be payable to them under the arrangements entered into with the New Company, but we have not charged any sums in respect of the commission, which will only be payable to the Managers out of surplus profits remaining after providing for the dividend on the Preference Shares, and 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares.

The profits, after charging all expenses, including depreciation, have been, on this basis, as follows:—

For the year ending September	1899	£50,900 1 0
" "	1900	43,059 9 6
" "	1901	50,859 12 1
" "	1902	54,599 10 3
" "	1903	49,090 7 3
" "	1904	19,526 4 7
For the 14 months ending November	1905	43,339 7 0
" year ending November	1906	63,855 3 7
" "	1907	77,896 3 0

The average annual profits have been as under:—

Based on the last nine years and two months	48,115 3 0
" " six years and two months	49,984 6 10
" " three years and two months	55,449 13 9

We are, Gentlemen, your obedient Servants,

(Signed) PRICE, WATERHOUSE & CO.

Agreements have been made with the Managers of the Vendor Company, by which their services will be retained for a period of not less than five years, if the

New Company so desire, at fixed salaries and commissions, during the term of their present agreements, amounting to one-third of the net profits, after providing for all Preference Dividends and a minimum of 7 per cent. on the Ordinary Shares.

The average annual profits of the business on the basis of the last six years and two months, as appears from the above Certificate of Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., are ... £49,984 6 10
The annual dividend on £360,000 5 per cent. Preference Shares is ... 18,000 0 0

7 per cent. on £360,000 Ordinary Shares is ... 12,600 0 0
Leaving ... 6,784 6 10

of which the present Managers are to receive during the term of their existing agreements 33½ per cent. ... 2,261 8 10
Leaving ... £4,522 18 0

equal to a further 1½ per cent. on the Ordinary Shares. It will be observed from the figures given by Messrs. Price, Waterhouse & Co., that the average annual profits for the last three years and two months would have been sufficient to provide a substantially larger dividend than this.

The purchase price is £792,000, payable as to £240,000 in fully-paid Shares, and as to the balance in cash.

The Memorandum and Articles of Association contain special provisions for the protection of the Preference Shareholders as regards the issue of further capital or of Debentures.

The minimum subscription on which the Directors may go to allotment is 300,000 Shares. The qualification of a Director is £3,000 of Ordinary Shares.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, of the several material contracts, and of the Accountants' and Valuers' Certificates, may be inspected by intending applicants at the Offices of the Company's Solicitors.

Application will be made to the Stock Exchange, London, and the Glasgow Stock Exchange, for a settlement and quotation for both classes of Shares.

Prospectuses (upon the terms of which alone applications will be entertained) and Application Forms may be obtained from the Bankers, Brokers, or Solicitors of the Company; at the Registered Office of the Company; and at any of its Branches in the United Kingdom. This notice is not to be regarded as an invitation to the public to subscribe for Shares.

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ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

The List of Subscriptions will be closed on or before Wednesday, the 18th March, 1908.

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY

(Incorporated under an Act of the Parliament of Canada, 3 Edward VII., Chapter 122).

£2,000,000 Four per Cent. Mortgage Sterling Bonds due 1955.

Principal and Interest payable in London, also in New York and Montreal at the fixed rate of exchange of \$4.86 to the £.

Principal and interest unconditionally guaranteed by The Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

The Bonds will be issued to Bearer in denominations of £100 and £200, with COUPONS attached PAYABLE 1st APRIL and 1st OCTOBER (the first half-yearly Coupon maturing 1st October, 1908), and will contain provisions for registration at the option of the holder.

MESSRS. SPEYER BROTHERS, having purchased from the Company, offer for Sale: £1,354,000 4 per Cent. Mortgage Sterling Bonds due 1955, Series "B" (Mountain Section), part of a total authorised amount of £2,050,000; £454,000 4 per Cent. Mortgage Sterling Bonds due 1955, Series "A" (Prairie Section), the balance of a total authorised amount of £2,100,000; £192,000 Lake Superior Branch 4 per Cent. 1st Mortgage Sterling Bonds due 1955, the balance of an authorised issue not to exceed £1,550,000.

£2,000,000

The price is 94½ per cent., payable as follows:—

10 per cent., payable on Application.
15 " " on Allotment.
25 " " May 8th, 1908.
25 " " June 9th, 1908.
19½ " " July 8th, 1908.
94½ per cent.

Payment in full may be made under discount at the rate of 2½ per cent. per annum on Allotment or on May 8th or June 9th.

In default of payment of any instalment, the allotment will be subject to cancellation and the amount previously paid to forfeiture.

Upon payment of the instalment due on allotment, Scrip Certificates to Bearer will be issued against the allotment letter, and, when fully paid, will be exchanged as soon as possible for Definitive Bonds carrying interest on the face value of the Bonds, from April 1st, 1908, payable principal and interest at the office of the Company in London, or at the option of the holder at the office or agency of the Company in New York or Montreal as above stated.

Full particulars of the progress already made with construction, and of the prospects of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will be found in the letter, dated the 13th day of March, 1908, and annexed to the Prospectus, from Charles M. Hayes, Esq., President of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, and second Vice-President and General Manager of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company undertakes to pay all Canadian taxes now or hereafter to be imposed in respect of the principal or interest of the Bonds.

The Western Division, Series "A" (Prairie Section Bonds), and Series "B" (Mountain Section Bonds) are for an aggregate amount not to exceed £4,150,000, whereof not exceeding £2,100,000 is issuable in respect of the Prairie Section, and not exceeding £2,050,000 in respect of the Mountain Section. This amount of £4,150,000 is secured by a Mortgage dated March 15th, 1905, on the Railway, undertaking, equipment, property and tolls of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, including its leasehold interest in the Eastern Division of such Railway, but with the exception of branch lines of the Railway exceeding six miles in length, ships, Municipal and Provincial grants of land by way of bonus or subsidy other than for Railway purposes, and the rolling stock constituting the equipment of the Eastern Division or any of the above-mentioned branch lines. Such Mortgage ranks next after the Mortgage securing the Three per Cent. Bonds guaranteed by the Canadian Government hereinafter referred to.

On condition that the Grand Trunk Railway Company guarantees Bonds to provide the balance for the construction of the Western Division of the line, the Canadian Government undertakes to guarantee Bonds bearing interest at 3 per cent. for an amount up to 75 per cent. of the cost of construction of that Division, such amount in the case of the Prairie Section not to exceed \$13,000 per mile.

Although the Mortgage securing the Three per Cent. Bonds guaranteed by the Government ranks before the above-mentioned Mortgage securing the Bonds guaranteed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, yet an Agreement scheduled to an Act of 1904 provides to the effect that, in the event of default by the Company "to the extent in the whole of a sum equal to five years of such interest," on the Three per Cent. Bonds the remedy of the Government shall be to put in a Manager, with the concurrence of the Company, to operate the Western Division, and to collect and distribute net earnings *pari passu* between the holders of the Bonds guaranteed by the Government and the holders of the Bonds guaranteed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, in the proportion of 75 per cent. of such earnings to the holders of the Bonds guaranteed by the Government, and 25 per cent. to the holders of the Bonds of the Western Division guaranteed by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada.

The above-mentioned Mortgage Deed for the Western Division Bonds provides that separate accounts shall be kept of the tolls, earnings, incomes, rents and profits of the Prairie Section and the Mountain Section, and that in the event of the Trustee exercising the right of entry or sale thereby given in case of default by the Company, the moneys arising from each particular Section and available for the purpose shall, subject to the payment of the working expenditure of the Section, be applied first in payment of any interest or principal due on the Bonds issued in respect of such Section.

The Lake Superior Branch Bonds, the total issue of which is limited to £1,550,000, are secured by a first Mortgage, also dated March 15, 1905, on all the property and rights of the Company on what is known as the Lake Superior Division of the Company's Railway, with the exception of the Land Grants of the Lake Superior Branch Line.

The Guarantee of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada will be printed and signed on each Bond in the form or to the effect given in the Prospectus.

This Guarantee of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada shall constitute a liability of the said Company in priority to all Share Capital of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, whether the Four per Cent. Guaranteed Stock, Preference or Ordinary Stocks.

The following table as to net revenue has been furnished by the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, for the years ending 31st December:—

	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
Net Receipts after payment of Working Expenses ...	£1,707,433	£1,588,470	£1,748,847	£1,860,210	£1,947,088
Rents of Leased Lines and Interest and Debenture Stock and Bonds	£1,040,159	£1,026,949	£1,023,964	£985,347	£951,184
Payments in respect of guarantee of interest on Bonds of Controlled Lines..	£13,901	£4,807	£11,270	£41,537	£153,349
Balance available for dividend on 4 per Cent. Guaranteed and Preference Stocks ...	£653,373	£556,714	£713,813	£833,326	£842,495

The annual amount required for the whole interest of the Bonds of the previous and present issues is £200,160.

Under the provisions of the Mortgage Deeds, interest during construction is payable out of Capital.

In addition to the above Guarantee of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, the Bonds under the Mortgages above mentioned constitute a direct obligation of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway Company, and are not liable to be drawn or compulsorily redeemed prior to their maturity in 1955.

Copies of the full Prospectus and application forms may be obtained at the Office of Speyer Brothers, 7 Lothbury, London, E.C. Applications may also be made on the annexed form.

The allotment of the Bonds will be made as early as possible after the subscription list is closed.

A certified copy of the Act of the Parliament of Canada, 4-5 Edward VII., chapter 95, to which are scheduled the above-mentioned Mortgages, and the original of the letter can be inspected by intending subscribers at the Offices of Messrs. Speyer Brothers aforesaid during business hours prior to the closing of the list.

7 LOTHBURY, LONDON, E.C., 13th March, 1908.

No.....

THE GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC RAILWAY COMPANY.

£2,000,000 Four per Cent. Mortgage Sterling Bonds.

To. MESSRS. SPEYER BROTHERS, 7 Lothbury, London, E.C.

I/We request you to allot me/us £..... of the Four per Cent. Bonds of the above Company upon the terms of the Prospectus issued by you dated 13th March, 1908.

I/we enclose £....., being a deposit of £10 per cent., and I/we engage to accept the above or any less amount you may allot to me/us, and to make the further payments thereon in accordance with the said Prospectus.

Signature

Name in full.....

(Add whether Mr., Mrs. or Miss, and Title, if any).

PLEASE
WRITE
DISTINCTLY.

Address in full.....

Date.....1908.

Note.—So far as practicable allotments will be made in proportionate amounts of the Series "A" (Prairie Section), Series "B" (Mountain Section) and Lake Superior Branch Bonds.

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